THE

Amorous Prince,

OR, THE

Curious Husband.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at his Royal Highneſs, the Duke of *York*'s Theatre.

Written by Mrs *A. BEHN.*

LONDON,

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PROLOGUE.

WEll! you expect a Prologue to the Play,
And you expect it too Petition-way;
With Chapeau bas, beſeeching you t'excuſe,
A damn'd Intrigue of an unpractic'd Muſe;
Tell you it's fortune waits upon your ſmiles,
And when you frown, Lord how you kill the whiles!
Or elſe to rally up the ſins of th' Age,
And bring each Fop in Town upon the Stage;
And in one Prologue run more vices o're,
Then either Court or City knew before;
And that's a wonder which will pleaſe you too,
But my Commiſſion's not to pleaſe you now.
First then for you grave Dons who love no Play
But what is regular, Great Johnſon's way;
Who hate the Monſieur with the Farce and Droll,
But are for things well ſaid with ſpirit and ſoul;
'Tis you I mean whoſe judgments will admit,
No Interludes of fooling with your Wit;
You're here defeated, and anon will cry
s'Death! wou'd 'twere treaſon to write Comedy.
So! there's a party loſt; now for the reſt,
Who ſwear they'd rather hear a ſmutty jeſt
Spoken by Nokes or Angel, then a Scene
Of the admir'd and well-penn'd Cataline;
Who love the Comick Hat, the Jig and Dance,
Things that are fitted to their Ignorance:
You too are quite undone, for here's no Farce,
Damn me! you'l cry, this Play will be mine A—
Not ſerious, nor yet Comick, what is't then?
Th' imperfect iſſue of a Lukewarm brain:
'Twas born before it's time, and ſuch a whelp,
As all the after-lickings could not help.
Bait it then as ye pleaſe, we'le not defend it,
But he that diſ-approves it, let him mend it.

Actors

Actors Names.

Frederick	Son to the Duke.
Curtius	His Friend.
Lorenzo	A rich extravagant Lord, a kind of Favourite to *Frederick*.
Antonio	A Nobleman of *Florence*.
Alberto	His dear Friend, a Noble man alſo.
Pietro	Man to *Curtius*.
Galliard	Servant to the *Prince*.
Valet	To *Antonio*.
Clarina	Wife to *Antonio*.
Iſmena	Siſter to *Antonio*, in love with *Alberto*.
Laura	Siſter to *Lorenzo*, in love with *Curtius*.
Cloris	Siſter to *Curtius*, diſguis'd like a Country Maid, in love with *Frederick*.
Iſabella	Woman to *Clarina*.
Lucia	Maid to *Cloris*.
Guilliam.	Man to *Cloris*, a Country-fellow.

Pages and Muſick.

Scene the Court of Florence.

PRO-

THE Amorous Prince.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

The Chamber of Cloris.

Enter Cloris *dreſt in her night Attire, with* Frederick *Dreſſing himſelf.*

Clo. AND will you leave me now to fears,
Which love it ſelf can hardly ſatisfie?
But thoſe, and that together ſure will kill me,
If you ſtay long away.

Fred. My Dear, 'tis almoſt day, and we muſt part;
Should thoſe rude eyes, 'mongſt whom thou
Dwell'ſt, perceive us;
'Twould prove unhappy both to thee and me.

Clor. And will you, Sir, be conſtant to your Vows?

Fred. Ah *Cloris!* do not queſtion what I've ſworn;
If thou would'ſt have it once again repeated,
I'le do't. By all that's good, I'le marry thee;
By that moſt Holy Altar, before which we kneel'd,
When firſt I ſaw the brighteſt Saint that e're ador'd it;
I'le marry none but thee, my deareſt *Cloris.*

Clor. Sir, you have ſaid enough to gain a credit
With any Maid; though ſhe had been deceiv'd
By ſome ſuch flatteries, as theſe before.
I never knew the pains of fear till now; [*Sighs.*
And you muſt needs forgive the faults you make;

For had I ſtill remain'd in Innocence,
I ſhould have ſtill believ'd you.
Fred. Why doſt thou not my Love?
Clor. Some doubts I have, but when I look on you,
Though I muſt blush to do ſo, they all vaniſh;
But I provide againſt your abſence, Sir.
Fred. Make no proviſion *Cloris*, but of hope,
Prepare thy ſelf againſt a Wedding day,
When thou ſhalt be a little Deity on Earth.
Clor. I know not what it is to dwell in Courts,
But ſure it muſt be fine, ſince you are there;
Yet I could wiſh you were an humble Shepherd,
And knew no other Pallace then this Cottage;
Where I would weave you Crowns, of Pinks and Dazies,
And you ſhould be a Monarch every *May*.
Fred. And *Cloris*, I could be content to ſit
With thee, upon ſome ſhady Rivers bank,
To hear thee Sing, and tell a Tale of Love.
For thee, Alas! I could do any thing;
A Sheep-hook I could prize above a Sword;
An Army I would quit to lead a Flock,
And more eſteem that Chaplet wreath'd by thee,
Then the Victorious Bays:
All this I could, but Dear, I have a Father,
Whom for thy ſake, to make thee great and glorious,
I would not loſe my int'reſt with.
But *Cloris* ſee, the unkind day approaches,
And we muſt kiſs and part.
Clor. Unkind it is indeed, may it prove ſo,
To all that wiſh its preſence,
And paſs as ſoon away,
That welcome night may re-aſſume its place,
And bring you quickly back.
Fred. With great impatience I'le expect that hour,
That ſhall conduct me in its ſhades to thee;
Farewel.
Clor. Farewel Sir, if you muſt be gone. [*Sighs.*
Fred. One Kiſs, and then indeed I will be gone. [*Kiſſes her.*

A new blown Roſe kiſt by the morning dew,
Has not more Natural ſweetneſs.
Ah *Cloris*! can you doubt that heart,
To whom ſuch bleſſings you impart?
Unjuſtly you ſuſpect that prize,
Won by ſuch touches, and ſuch eyes.
My Faireſt, turn that Face away,
Unleſs I could for ever ſtay;
Turn but but a little while I go.

Clor. Sir, I muſt ſee the the laſt of you.

Fred. I dare not diſobey; adieu till evening. [*Exit. Fred.*

Enter Lucia.

Clor. How now *Lucia*; is my Father up?

Luc. No, not a Mouſe ſtirs yet; I have kept a true
Watch all this night, for I was cruelly afraid
Leſt we ſhould have been ſurpriz'd----
Is the Prince gone? but why do I ask,
That may read it in your ſad looks.

Clor. Yes, he is gone, and with him too has taken. [*Sighs.*

Luc. What has he taken? I'le ſwear you frighten me.

Clor. My heart *Lucia.*

Luc. Your Heart, I am glad 'tis no worſe.

Clor. Why, what doſt think he ſhould have taken?

Luc. A thing more hard to have been
Recovered again.

Clor. What thing prethee?

Luc. Your Maiden-head.

Clor. What's that?

Luc. A thing young Gallants long extremely for,
And when they have it too, they ſay
They care not a Dazy for the giver.

Clor. How comeſt thou ſo wiſe *Lucia?*

Luc. Oh the fine Gentleman that comes a nights
With the Prince, told me ſo much, and bid me
Be ſure never to part with it for fine words,
For men would lie as often as they ſwore;
And ſo he bad me tell you too.

Clor. Oh *Lucia*!

Luc. Why do you ſigh?

Clo. To think if Princes were like common Men,
How I ſhould be undone.
Since I have given him all I had to give;
And who that looks on him can blame my faith.

Luc. Indeed he ſurpaſſes *Damon* far;
But I'de forgot my ſelf, you are the Princes Wife;
He ſaid you ſhould be kneel'd too, and ador'd,
And never look'd on but on Holy days:
That many Maids ſhould wait upon your call,
And ſtrow fine flowers for you to tread upon;
Muſick and Love ſhould daily fill your ears,
And all your other ſenſes ſhould be raviſht
With wonders of each kind, great as your beauty.

Clor. Lucia, methinks you have learnt to ſpeak fine things.

Luc. I have a thouſand more I've heard him ſay;
Oh, I could liſten a whole night to hear him talk:
But hark, I hear a noiſe, the houſe is up,
And muſt not find us here.

Clor. Lock up this Box of Jewels for me.

Luc. Oh rare! what did theſe come to-night?

Clor. Yes, yes, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Grove.*

Enter Curtius *and* Pietro.

Cur. I wonder the Prince ſtays ſo long;
I do not like theſe night-works;
Were I not confident of *Cloris* vertue,
----Which ſhall no more be tempted.
I hear ſome coming, and hope 'tis he.
Pietro, are the Horſes ready?

Piet. Yes my Lord. [*Exit. Pietro.*

Enter Frederick.

Cur. Sir, you are welcome from *Cloris* Arms.

Fred. With much ado, I am got looſe from thoſe fair
Fetters; but not from thoſe of her beauty;

By theſe ſhe ſtill inflames me;
In ſpight of all my humours of inconſtancy;
So ſoft and young, ſo fair and innocent,
So full of Air, and yet of languiſhment;
So much of Nature in her heart and eyes,
So timerous and ſo kind without diſguiſe:
Such untaught ſweets in every part do move,
As 'gainſt my reaſon does compel my love;
Such artleſs ſmiles look ſo unorder'd too,
Gains more then all the charms of Courts can do;
From head to foot a ſpotleſs Statue ſeems,
As Art, not Nature, had compos'd her limbs;
So white, and ſo unblemiſht, oh *Curtius*!
I'me raviſht beyond ſenſe when I but think on't;
How much more muſt my ſurpriſe be,
When I behold theſe wonders.

Cur. And have you ſeen her, Sir, in all this beauty?
Oh Hell! [*Aſide.*

Fred. Curtius, I will not hide my Soul from thee;
I have ſeen all the marvels of that Maid.

Car. My Soul learn now the Art of being diſguis'd: [*Aſide.*
---'Tis much my, Lord, that one
Bred in ſuch ſimple innocence,
Should learn ſo ſoon ſo much of confidence:
Pray, Sir, what Arts and cunning do you uſe?

Fred. Faith time and importunity refuſe no body.

Curt. Is that the way? had you no other aids?
Made you no promiſe to her, Sir, of Marriage?

Fred. Oh, yes in abundance, that's your only bait,
And though they cannot hope we will perform it,
Yet it ſecures their Honour and my Pleaſure.

Cur. Then, Sir, you have enjoy'd her?

Fred. Oh yes, and gather'd ſweets
Would make an Anchoret neglect his vow,
And think he had miſtook his way to future bliſs,
Which only can be found in ſuch embraces;
'Twas hard to gain, but, *Curtius*, when once Victor,
Oh how the joys of conqueſt did enſlave me!

Cur.

Cur. But, Sir, methinks 'tis much that she should yield,
With only a bare promise that you'd marry her.
Fred. Yes, there was something more-- but--
Cur. But, what Sir, you are not Married.
Fred. Faith yes, I've made a Vow,
And that you know would go as far with any other man.
Cur. But she it seems forgot you were the Prince?
Fred. No, she urged that too,
And left no arguments unus'd
Might make me sensible of what I did;
But I was fixt, and overcame them all,
Repeating still my vows and passions for her,
Till in the presence of her Maid and Heaven
We solemnly contracted.
Cur. But, Sir, by your permission was it well?
Fred. What wouldst thou have him do
That's all on fire, and dies for an enjoyment?
Cur. But having gain'd it, do you love her still?
Fred. Yes, yet extremely,
And would be constant to the vows I've made,
Were I a man, as thou art of thy self;
But with the aids of Counsels I must chuse,
And what my Soul adores I must refuse.
Cur. This passion, Sir, possession will destroy,
And you'l love less, the more you do enjoy.
Fred. That's all my hope of cure; I'le ply that game,
And slacken by degrees th' unworthy flame.
Cur. Methinks, my Lord, it had more generous been
To've check'd that flame when first it did begin.
E're you the slighted victory had won,
And a poor harmless Virgin quite undone;
And what is worse, you've made her love you too.
Fred. Faith that's the greater mischief of the two;
I know to such nice Vertuous Souls as thine,
My juster inclination is a crime;
But I love pleasures which thou can'st not prize,
Beyond dull gazing on thy Mistress eyes,
The lovely object which enslaves my heart,

Must

Muſt yet more certain Cures their ſmiles impart,
---And you on *Laura* have the ſame deſign.

Cur. Yes, Sir, when juſtify'd by Laws Divine.

Fred. Divine, a pleaſant warrant for your ſin,
Which being not made, we ne're had guilty been;
But now we ſpeak of *Laura*,
Prethee when is't that I ſhall ſee that Beauty?

Cur. Never I hope [*Aſide*] I know not, Sir,
Her Father ſtill is Cruel, and denys me,
What ſhe and I have long made ſute in vain for;
But, Sir, your Intereſt might prevail with him,
When he ſhall know I'me one whom you eſteem,
He will allow my flame, and my addreſs,
He whom you favour cannot doubt ſucceſs.

Fred. This day I will begin to ſerve thee in it.

Cur. Sir, 'twill be difficult to get acceſs to her,
Her Father is an humerous old man,
And has his fits of Pride and kindneſs too.

Fred. Well after dinner I will try my power,
And will not quit his Lodgings till I've won him.

Cur. I humbly thank you Sir.

Fred. Come let us haſt, the day comes on apace.

Cur. I'le wait upon you Sir;
Oh, *Cloris*, thou'rt undone, falſe Amorous Girle; [*Ex. Fred.*
Was it for this I bred thee in obſcurity,
Without permitting thee to know what Courts meant,
Leſt their too powerful temptation
Might have betray'd thy Soul;
Not ſuffering thee to know thy Name or Parents,
Thinking an humble life
Might have ſecur'd thy Vertue:
And yet I ſhould not hate thee for this ſin,
Since thou art bred in ſo much innocence,
Thou couldſt not dream of falſity in men:
Oh that it were permitted me to kill this Prince,
This falſe perfidious Prince;
And yet he knows not that he has abus'd me.
When did I know a man of ſo much Vertue,

That

That would refuſe ſo ſweet and ſoft a Maid;
----No he is juſt and good, only too much miſled
By youth and flattery;
And one to whom my Soul is ty'd by friendſhip;
----Yet what's a Friend, a name above a Siſter?
Is not her Honour mine?
And ſhall not I revenge the loſs of it?
It is but common Juſtice.
But firſt I'le try all gentle means I may,
And let him know that *Claris* is my Siſter;
And if he then perſevere in his crime,
I'le lay my intereſt and my duty by,
And puniſh him, or with my Honour dye. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Apartment of Antonio.

Enter Lorenzo *pulling in of* Iſabella.

Lor. Nay, nay, *Iſabella*, there's no avoiding me now,
You and I muſt come to a parley.
Pray what's the reaſon
You took no notice of me,
When I came with ſo civil an addreſs too.
Iſab. Can you ever think to thrive in an Amour,
When you take notice of your Miſtreſs,
Or any that belongs to her, in publique,
And when ſhe's a Married woman too.
Lor. Good *Iſabella*, the loſer may have leave to ſpeak,
I am ſure it has been a plaguy dear Amour to me.
Iſab. Let me hear you name that again,
And you ſhall miſs of my aſſiſtance.
Lor. Nay, do but hear me a little;
I vow 'tis the ſtrangeſt thing in the world,
A man muſt part from ſo much money as I have done;
And be confin'd to Signs and Grimaſſes only,
To declare his mind in;

If

If a man has a Tongue, let him exerciſe it, I ſay,
As long as he pays for ſpeaking.
Iſab. Again with your paying fort; I ſee you are not
To be reclaim'd; farewel----
Lor. Stay good *Iſabella*, ſtay,
And thou ſhalt here not one word of that more,
Though I am ſoundly urg'd to't.
Iſab. Yes, yes, pray count them, do;
I know you long to be at it,
And I am ſure you will find you are in Arrears to us.
Lor. Say you ſo, I am not of that opinion, but well,
---Let me ſee--- here 'tis, here 'tis---
---My Bill of charge for Courting *Clarina*.
[*Draws out his Table Book and reads.*
Iſab. And here's mine for the returns that have been
Made you; begin, begin. [*Pulls out her Book.*
Lor. Item, 200 Crowns to *Iſabella* for undertaking.
Iſab. Item, I have promis'd *Lorenzo* to ſerve him
In his Amour with all fidelity.
Lor. Well, I own that debt paid, if you keep
Your word---- out with it then---- [*He croſſes that out.*
Item, 2000 Crowns in a Bracelet for *Clarina*;
What ſay you to that now *Iſabella*?
Iſab. Item, The day after they were preſented,
She ſaluted you with a ſmile at the Chappel.
Lor. And doſt thou think it was not dearly bought?
Iſab. No man in *Florence* ſhould have had it
A Souce cheaper.
Lor. Say you ſo *Iſabella*; out with it then. [*Croſſes it out.*
Item, 100 more to thee for preſenting them.
Iſab. Which I did with ſix lyes in your commendation,
Worth ten Piſtols a piece for the exactneſs of a Lie;
Write there indebted to me----
Tor. Nay then thou doſt deſerve it:
Reſt due to *Iſabella*. [*Writes.*
Item, Innumerable Serenades, night-walks, affronts
And fears; and laſtly, to the Poets for Songs, and the like.
Iſab. All which was recompenced in the exceſſive

Laughing on you that day you praunc'd under our
Window on Horſe-back, when you made ſuch a
Deal of Capriol and Curvet.

Lor. Yes, where I ventur'd my neck to ſhew my
Activity, and therefore may be well accompted
Amongſt my loſſes.

Iſab. Then ſhe receiv'd your Preſents,
Suffer'd your Serenades, without ſending her footmen
To break your Pate with the Fiddles.

Lor. Indeed that was one of the beſt ſigns,
For I have been a great ſufferer in that kind
Upon the like occaſions; but doſt thou think
In conſcience that this ſhould ſatisfie?

Iſab. Yes, any reaſonable man in the world for the
Firſt month at leaſt; and yet you are ſtill up
With your expences, as if a Lady of her quality
Were to be gain'd without them----
Let me hear of your expences more, and I'le----

Lor. Oh ſweet *Iſabella*! upon my knees,
I beg thou wilt take no fatal reſolution;
For I proteſt, as I am a man of Honour,
And adore thy Sex, thou ſhalt only ſee,
Not hear of my expences more;
And for a ſmall teſtimony of it, here, take this;
There's twenty Piſtols upon reputation. [*Gives her Money.*

Iſab. Fie, Fie, 'tis not brave, nor generous to name
The ſum; you ſhould have ſlid it into my coat,
Without ſaying what you had done.

Lor. What ſignifies that mun, as long as 'tis currant,
And you have it ſure.

Iſab. Well, leave the management of your Affairs to me,
—What ſhall we do? here's *Alberto.*

Enter Alberto.

Lor. Well, who can help it; I cannot walk inviſible.

Alb. *Lorenzo*, what making Love to *Iſabella*?

Lor. She'l ſerve, my Lord, for want of a better.

Iſab. That's but a courſe Complement,

Lor. 'Twill ſerve to diſguiſe a truth however. [*Aſide to her.*

Faith I'le tell you, Sir, 'twas ſuch another Damſel [*Ex. Iſab.*
As this, that ſav'd me 500 pound once upon a time;
And I have lov'd the whole Tribe of Waiting-women
The better ever ſince.

Alb. You have reaſon, how was it?

Lor. Why look you Sir?
I had made love a long time to a Lady,
But ſhe ſhall be nameleſs,
Since ſhe was of a quality not to be gain'd under
The aforeſaid ſum; well, I brought it,
Came powder'd and perfum'd, and high in expectation.

Alb. Well Sir.

Lor. And ſhe had a very prety wench, who was to
Conduct me, and in the dark too;
And on my conſcience, I e'ne fell aboard of her,
And was as well accommodated for my five,
As five hundred pounds, and ſo return'd.

Alb. A great defeat to the Lady the while a my word.

Lor. I, ſhe ſmelt the Plot, and made a vow to follow
The *Italian* mode for the future;
And be ſerv'd in affairs of that kind, by none,
But an old Woman.

Alb. 'Twas wittily reſolv'd.

Lor. Are you for the preſence this morning?

Alb. No, I have buſineſs here with *Antonio*.

Lor. Your Servant my Lord—— *Exit. Lorenzo.*

Alb. I do not like this fellows being here,
The moſt notorious Pimp, and Raſcal in *Italy*;
'Tis a vile ſhame that ſuch as he ſhould live,
Who have the form and ſenſe of man about them,
And in their action Beaſt,
And that he thrives by too: Enter *Iſabella.*
—*Iſabella*, is *Antonio* ſtiring?

Iſab. He is, pleaſe your Lordſhip to walk in.

Alb. You may tell him I wait here—
—For I would avoid all opportunity of ſeeing *Clarina*. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. My Lord, you need not ſtand upon Ceremonies.
[*Ex.* Alberto.

Enter Clarina *and* Iſmena, *dreſt like one another in every thing, Laughing and beholding one another.*

—Dreſt already! now on my conſcience
I know not which is which;
Pray God *Antonio* be not miſtaken at night,
For I'le be ſworn I am by day-light.
Iſm. Doſt think I may paſs thus for *Clarina*?
Iſab. Madam, you are the ſame to a hair,
Wood I might never ſtir,
If I can do any thing but wonder.
Clar. But hark *Iſabella*, if thou ſhould'ſt have
Heard amiſs, and that thy information ſhould not be good,
Thou haſt defeated us of a deſign,
Wherein we promiſe our ſelves no little pleaſure.
Iſm. Yes I vow, all the Jeſt is loſt if it be ſo.
Iſab. I doubt 'twill be a true Jeſt on your ſide. [*Aſide.*
—I warrant you, Madam, my Intelligence is good;
And to aſſure you of what I have ſaid,
I dare undertake you ſhall hear the ſame over again;
For juſt now *Alberto* is come to viſit my Lord,
Who I am ſure will entertain him with no other ſtories,
But thoſe of his jealouſie,
And to perſwade him to Court you.
Clar. 'Tis ſtrange, ſince he ſet him that task ſo long ago,
He would not begin before.
Iſm. Nay, pray God he begin now;
Siſter, he has hitherto took me for thee,
And ſometimes his eyes give me hope of a ſecret
Fire within, but 'twill not out;
And I am ſo impatient till he declares himſelf,
That if he do not do it ſoon,
I ſhall e'ne tell him who I am;
For perhaps, the Wife takes off the appetite
Which would ſharpen upon knowledge of the Virgin.
Clar. What then, you'l have all the ſport to your ſelf;
—But, *Iſmena*, remember my little revenge on *Antonio*

Muſt

Muſt accompany your love to *Alberto*. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. But why this reſemblance?
For, Madam, ſince he never ſaw you,
And takes *Iſmena* to be you;
Might you not ſtill paſs ſo, without this likeneſs?

Clar. Didſt thou not ſay, *Antonio* left the Court
And City, on purpoſe to give *Alberto* the more freedom
To Court me:
—Whilſt he was away, I needed but retire,
And *Iſmena* appear, and 'twould ſufficee;
But now he is return'd,
He may chance to ſee them together, *en paſſant*, or ſo,
And this dreſs will abuſe him as well as *Alberto*,
For without that, this Plot of ours ſignifies little.

Iſm. Aye truly for my part, I have no other deſign
Then doing my Siſter a ſervice.

Iſab. The Plot is very likely to thrive I ſee,
Since you are ſo good at diſſembling.

Iſm. Fie *Iſabella*, what an ill opinion you have of me?
—But Siſter, 'tis much *Alberto* being ſo intimate
With *Antonio*, ſhould never ſee you all this whole
Six months of your being Married.

Clar. Had you been bred any where,
But in a Monaſtery, you would have known,
'Tis not the cuſtom here for men to expoſe their
Wives to the view of any.

Iſab. I hear them coming, ſet's away,
And pray liſten to the truths I have already told you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. IV.

Enter Antonio *and* Alberto.

[*Clarina* and *Iſmena* liſten.

Alb. Once more *Antonio*, welcom back to Court.

Ant. Oh my dear friend, I long'd for thy embraces;
—How goes the Game I left with thee to play?
What ſays my Wife, my beautiful *Clarina*?

Alb. *Clarina*—

Ant. Yes *Clarina*, have you not ſeen her yet?
I left the Court on purpoſe, for 'twas not handſome
For me to introduce you;
Leſt ſhe had lookt upon't as ſome deſign.

Alb. Seen her---- yes—

Ant. And I conjur'd her too, to give you freedoms
Even equal to *Antonio*;
As far as I durſt preſs with modeſty,
And with pretence of Friendſhip;
And have you not attempted her?

Alb. Yes--- but 'tis in vain.

Ant. Oh Villanious diſſembler. [*Aſide.*

Alb. She's cruel, ſtrangely cruel,
And I'me reſolv'd to give the Courtſhip o're.

Ant. Sure friend, thou haſt not us'd thy wonted power.

Alb. Yes, all that I know I'me maſter of, I us'd.

Ant. But didſt thou urge it home? did ſhe not ſee,
Thy words and actions did not well agree?
Canſt thou diſſemble well? didſt cry and melt,
As if the pain you but expreſt, you felt?
Didſt kneel, and ſwear, and urge thy quality,
Heightning it too with ſome diſgrace on me?
And didſt thou too aſſail her feeble ſide?
For the beſt bait to woman is her Pride;
Which ſome miſ-call her Guard:
Didſt thou preſent her with the ſet of Jewels?
For Women naturally are more inclin'd
To Avarice, then Men:
Pray tell me Friend,
—Vile woman did ſhe take them—

Alb. I never ask'd her that.

Clar. Poor *Antonio* how I pity him. [*Aſide.*

Ant. No!

Alb. No, I've done enough to ſatisfie thy jealouſie;
Here take your ſet of Jewels back again; [*Gives a Box.*
Upon my life *Clarina* is all chaſtity.

Ant. I were the happieſt man on Earth, were this but true;

But

But what are ſingle Courtſhips--- give her theſe
Which will aſſiſt thy tongue to win her heart;
And that once got, the other ſoon will follow;
There's far more women won by Gold then induſtry:
Try that my dear *Alberto*,
And ſave thy eyes the trouble of deſembling.
Alb. Content thee here, and do not tempt thy fate,
I have regard unto thy Honour Friend,
And ſhould ſhe yield, as women are no gods,
Where were thy future Joys;
What is't could make thee happy, or reſtore
That true contentment which thou had'ſt before?
Alas thou tempt'ſt me too, for I am frail,
And love above my friendſhip may prevail.
Ant. This will not do;
No, as thou art my Friend, and lov'ſt my Honour,
Purſue *Clarina* further;
Rally a freſh, and charge her with this Preſent,
Diſturb her every night with Serenades;
Make Love-Songs to her, and then Sing them too;
Thou haſt a voice enough alone to conquer.
Alb. Fool *Antonio*. [*Aſide.*
Ant. Come wilt thou undertake it once again?
Alb. I would not.
Ant. I am reſolv'd to get this tryal made,
And if thou doſt refuſe thy Amity,
I'le try a Friend more willing, though leſs faithful,
With thee my Wife and Honour too are ſafe;
For ſhould ſhe yield, and I by that were loſt,
'Twere yet ſome eaſe,
That none but thou wer't witneſs to't.
Alb. Well, if it muſt be done, I'de rather do't,
Then you ſhould be expos'd to th' ſcorn of others.
Ant. Spoke like my noble Friend;
Come dine with her to day, for I muſt leave you,
And give you all the opportunity
A real Lover wiſhes with a Miſtreſs:
[*Iſam.* So we have heard enough.] *Ex.* Clar. *and* Iſm.
Ant. Oh were *Clarina* chaſte, as on my Soul

I cannot doubt, more then that I believe
All woman kind may be ſeduc'd from Vertue;
I were the man of all the world moſt bleſt,
In ſuch a Wife, and ſuch a Friend as thou.

Alb. But what if I prevail *Antonio*?

Ant. Then I'le renounce my faith in woman kind,
And place my ſatisfaction in thy Amity.
—But ſee ſhe comes, I'le leave you to your task.

Enter Iſmena *and* Iſabella.

Iſm. *Antonio* not yet gone—
This muſt ſecure me. *Pulls down her Veil.*

Ant. *Clarina*, why thus clouded?

Iſab. I ſee he has moſt happily miſtaken.

Iſm. I was going, Sir, to viſit *Laura*—

Ant. You muſt not go, I've buſineſs to the Duke,
And you muſt entertain my Friend till my return;
It is a freedom not uſual here amongſt Ladies,
But I will have it ſo;
Whom I eſteem I'le have you do ſo to.

Iſm. Sir, I am all obedience.

[*Exit* Antonio, *She pulls off her Veil*; Albert. *ſalutes her with ſeeming-lowneſs.*

Alb. Oh how my Soul's divided,
Between my Adoration and my Amity! [*Aſide*
Friendſhip, thou ſacred band, hold faſt thy intereſt,
For yonder Beauty has a ſubtle power,
And can undo that knot, which other Arts
Could ne're invent a way for.

Enter Antonio *and liſtens at the door.*

Ant. I'le ſee a little how he behaves himſelf. [*Aſide.*

Alb. But ſhe's *Antonio*'s wife; my friend *Antonio*, [*Aſide.*
A youth that made an intereſt in my Soul,
When I had language ſcarce to expreſs my ſenſe of it.

Ant. Death, he ſpeaks not to her. [*Aſide.*

Alb. So grew we up to man, and ſtill more fixt; [*Aſide.*
And ſhall a gawdy beauty,
A thing, which t'other day, I never ſaw,
Deprive my heart of that kind heat,

And

And place a new and unknown fire within;
Clarina, 'tis unjuſt.
Iſm. Sir, did you ſpeak to me.
Alb. I have betray'd my ſelf---
Madam, I was ſaying how unjuſt it was
Antonio ſhould leave me alone with a Lady,
Being certainly the worſt to entertain them in the world.
Ant. His face aſſures me he ſpeaks of no love to her now.
Iſm. Alas, he ſpeaks not to me, [*Aſide.*
Sure *Iſabella* was miſtaken,
Who told me that he lov'd me;
----*Alberto*, if thou art oblig'd to me, [*Aſide.*
For what I have not yet obſerv'd in thee:
Oh do not ſay my heart was eaſily won,
But blame your eyes, whoſe forces none can ſhun.
Ant. Not a word, what can he mean by this?
Iſm. Sir, will you pleaſe to ſit a while?
Iſab. Madam, the inner chamber is much better,
For there he may repoſe upon the Cuſhions till my
Lords return; I ſee he is not well--.
—And you are both ſick of one diſeaſe. [*Aſide.*
Alb. I thank you, here's more air,
—And that I need, for I am all on fire, [*Aſide.*
And every look adds fuel to my flame.
—I muſt avoid thoſe eyes, whoſe light miſguides me:
—Madam, I have ſome buſineſs calls me hence,
And cannot wait my friends return.
Iſm. *Antonio*, Sir, will think 'tis my neglect
That drove you hence; pray ſtay a little longer.
Alb. You ſhall command me, if you can diſpence
With ſo dull company.
Iſab. I can with any thing *Antonio* loves.
Alb. Madam, it is a Vertue that becomes you;
For though your Husband ſhould not merit this,
Your goodneſs is not leſs to be admir'd;
But he's a man ſo truely worth your kindneſs,
That 'twere a ſin to doubt,
Your paſſion for him were not juſtly paid.

Iſm. Sir, I believe you, and I hope he thinks
That my opinion of him equals yours;
'Tis plain he loves me not, [*Aſide.*
Perhaps, his Vertue, thinking me *Clarina*,
May hide the real paſſion of his Soul.
Oh Love, what dangerous paths thou mak'ſt us tread!
Ant. Cold, cold as Devotion, oh inhumane friendſhip!
Alb. What ſhall I do next? I muſt either be rude,
And ſay nothing, or ſpeak of Love to her;
And then my Friend thou'rt loſt ſhould I prevail,
And I'me undone ſhould ſhe not hear my tale,
Which for the world I would not have her hear;
And yet I fear my eyes too much declare.
Iſm. Since he's in ſo ill an humour, let's leave him,
I'me ſatisfy'd now that thou wer't miſtaken.
[*Ex.* Iſmena *and* Iſabella *unſeen.*
Alb. But they ſhall gaze no more on hers,
Nor ſtray beyond the limits of a juſt ſalute.
—I will my Honour to my Love prefer,
And my *Antonio* ſhall out-Rival her. [*Looks about and miſſes them.*
---- Ah, am I left alone!--- how frail is man;
That which laſt moment I reſolv'd upon,
I find my heart already diſapprove,
And grieve her loſs; can this be ought but love?
My Soul's diſſatisfy'd now ſhe is gone,
And yet but now I wiſh't to be alone;
—Inform me Love who ſhares the better part,
Friendſhip, or thee, in my divided heart. [*Offers to go.*
Enter Antonio *and ſtays him.*
Ant. Whether in ſuch haſte?
Thou look'ſt e'ne as ſad as a Lover repulſt,
I fear that fate's, not thine.
Alb. Now for a lye to ſatisfie him. [*Aſide.*
Prethee diſcharge me of this toyl of diſſembling,
Of which I grow as weary, as ſhe's of hearing it.
Ant. Indeed.
Alb. Sure thou haſte a deſign to make her hate me.
Ant. Do you think ſo in earneſt, why was ſhe angry?

Alb.

Alb. Oh! hadſt thou ſeen her pretty bluſhing ſcorn
Which ſhe would fain have hid,
Thou wouldſt have pitied what I made her ſuffer.
Ant. Is't poſſible!
And didſt preſent her with the Box of Jewels?
Alb. Yes.
Ant. And kneel, and cry, and ſwear, and—
Alb. All, all.
Ant. I hardly gave thee time for ſo much Courtſhip,
—But you are ſure ſhe was diſpleaſed with it?
Alb. Extremely.
Ant. Enough *Alberto*; adieu to thee and friendſhip.
Alb. What mean you?
Ant. Ask your own guilt, it will inform thee beſt.
Alb. Thou canſt not think *Clarina* has abus'd thee.
Ant. I do not think ſhe has, nor have you try'd her;
In that you have not only diſoblig'd me,
But now you would impoſe upon my weakneſs;
—Did I not ſee how unconcern'd you were,
And hardly paying her a due reſpect;
And when ſhe even invited thee to ſpeak,
Moſt rudely thou wer't ſilent.
Alb. Be calm *Antonio*, I confeſs my error.
And hate that vertue taught me to deceave thee;
----Here take my hand,—
I'le ſerve thee in good earneſt.
Ant. And now I do believe thee,
Go—thou ſhalt loſe no time, I muſt away,
My Soul's in torment, tell I am confirm'd
Of my *Clarina's* Vertue;
I do believe thou haſt a generous ſhame,
For what thou'ſt ſaid and done to me thy friend;
For could I doubt thy love: oh how ridiculous
This act of mine would ſeem!
But 'tis to thee, as to my Soul I come,
Diſputing every petty crime and doubt.
Alb. *Antonio*, if there need an Oath between us.
Ant. No, I credit thee; go in,

And prethee dreſs thy eyes in all their Charms,
For this uncertainty diſturbs me more,
Then if I knew *Clarina* were a—Whore— [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT. II. SCENE. I.

The Apartment of Frederick.

Enter Frederick *with a Letter, and* Galliard.

Fred. NOt allow me to ſpeak to her, ſay ye, 'tis ſtrange;
Did'ſt ſay it was the Prince that ſent thee?
Ser. My Lord, I did, but he ſays, he cares not for
A thouſand Princes.
Fred. I am reſolv'd I will ſee this woman;
—Harkey, go back again and ſay— [*Whiſpers.*
Enter Lorenzo *Drunk.*
Lor. Hah the Prince—he muſt not ſee me
In this pickle; for I would not loſe my reputation
Of Wenching, for this of Drinking;
And I am ſure I cannot be excellent at both,
They are inconſiſtent.
Ser. I ſhall my Lord. [*Ex. Galliard.*
Lor. Your Highneſs humble ſervant.
Fred. Ha, ha, what *Lorenzo* in deboach.
Lor. Now my tongue will betray me;
—Faith, my Lord, I have took ſix, but am come briskly off;
By this hand, my Lord, I am cock over five,
Stout Rogues too, I can tell you, at this ſport.
Fred. I did not think thou hadſt had that Vertue.
Lor. I'le tell you, Sir, 'tis neceſſary thoſe of my
Office and quality, ſhould have more Vertues
Then one to recommend them;
But to tell you truth, for now I am moſt apt for that,
I was drunk in meer malice to day.

Fred.

Fred. Malice, againſt whom prethee.

Lor. Why, why, Sir, the humorous old fellow
My Father, he will not hear reaſon from me when I am ſober.

Fred. Why, what's the matter between you?

Lor. My Lord, you know *Curtius* is an honeſt fellow,
And one of us too;
My ſiſter *Laura* is a good pretty Wench,
He loves her, and ſhe likes him;
And becauſe this teſty old Blade has done himſelf,
Do you think I can bring him to conſider?
No not for my life he wont conſider Sir;
And now am I got drunk to ſee how that will edifie him.

Fred. How! is *Laura* the Miſtriſs of *Curtius* your ſiſter?

Lor. Yes marry is ſhe Sir, at leaſt by the Mothers ſide;
And to tell you truth,
We are too good natur'd to believe
Salvator our Father.

Fred. Thy Siſter and Daughter to *Salvator*?

Fred. So ſaid my Mother, but ſhe was handſom,
And on my conſcience liv'd, e'en in ſuch another
Debaucht world as 'tis now; let them ſay
What they will of their Primitive vertue.

Fred. May not I ſee this Siſter of thine *Lorenzo*?

Lor. Yes by *Venus* ſhall your Sir,
And ſhe were my Mother.

Fred. But art ſure thy Father will permit us?

Lor. My Father permit us!
He may do what he will when I am ſober,
But being thus fortify'd with potent Wine,
He muſt yield obedience to my will;
Why my Lord, I'le tell you;
I'le make him ask me bleſſing when I am in this
Almighty power.

Fred. And is thy Siſter ſo very fine?

Lor. The Girl is well, and if ſhe were not my Siſter,
I would give you a more certain proof of my
Opinion of her;
She has excellent good Hair, fine Teeth,

And good hands, and the beſt natur'd Fool——
——Come, come, Sir, I'le bring you to her,
And then I'le leave you;
For I have a ſmall affair of Love to diſpatch.

Fred. This is a freedom that ſutes not with the Humour of an *Italian*.

Lor. No faith, my Lord, I believe my Mother play'd Foul play with ſome *Engliſh* man;
I am ſo willing to do you a good office to my Siſter,
And if by her humour you become of that opinion too,
I ſhall hope to render my ſelf more acceptable
To you by that Franchiſe.

Enter Galliard, *whiſpers.*

Fred. Thou knoweſt my grateful temper,
—No matter; here carry this Letter to *Cloris*,
And make ſome excuſe for my not coming this evening.

[*Gives him a Letter, and goes out with* Lorenz

Ser. So, poor Laſs, 'tis a hundred to one if ſhe be not Lay'd by now, and *Laura* muſt ſucceed her:
Well, even *Frederick*, I ſee, is but a man,
But his youth and quality will excuſe him;
And 'twill be called gallantry in him,
When in one of us, 'tis ill nature and inconſtancy.

SCENE II.

Enter Iſmena *and* Iſabella.

Iſab. Nay, Madam, 'tis in vain to deny it,
Do you think I have liv'd to theſe years,
And cannot interpret Croſs Arms, imperfect replies,
Your ſudden weepings, your often ſighing,
Your melancholy walks, and making Verſes too?
And yet I muſt not ſay that this is Love.

Iſm. Art thou ſo notable a Judge of it?

Iſab. I ſhould be, or I am a very dull Schollar,
For I have loſt the fooliſh boy as many Darts,
As any Woman of my age in *Florence*.

Iſm.

Iſm. Thou haſt pay'd dear for thy knowledge then.
Iſab. No, the hurts one did,
The other ſtill made good with very little
Pain on either ſide.
Iſm. I muſt confeſs, I think it is not ſo hard to get
Wounds, as 'tis to get them cur'd again.
Iſab. I am not of your opinion, nor ever ſaw that
Man that had not faults to Cure,
As well as charms to kill.
Iſm. Since thou'rt ſo good a Judge of men,
Prethee tell me how thou lik'ſt *Alberto.*
Iſab. I knew 'twould come to this— [*Aſide*
Why well Madam.
Iſm. No more then ſo.
Iſab. Yes wondrous well, ſince I am ſure he loves you,
And that indeed raiſes a mans value.
Iſm. Thou art deceiv'd, I do not think he Loves me.
Iſab. Madam, you cannot but ſee a thouſand marks on't.
Iſm. Thou haſt more skill then I;
But prethee why does he not tell me ſo himſelf.
Iſab. Oh Madam! whilſt he takes you for *Clarina,*
'Twould ſhow his diſ-reſpect to tell his Love;
But when he knows *Iſmena* is the object,
He'le tire you with the wiſht for ſtory.
Iſm. Ah, thou art a pleaſing flatterer.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, *Alberto* is without.
Iſm. Tell him I'me indiſpos'd, and cannot ſee him now.
Iſab. Nay, good Madam, ſee him now by all means,
For I am ſure my Lord *Antonio* is abſent on purpoſe;
—Bid him come in Boy. *Ex. Page.*

Enter Alberto.

Iſm. *Antonio*, Sir, is not return'd.
Alb. Madam, this viſit was not meant to him,
But by a cauſe more preſſing I am brought,
Such as my paſſion, not my friendſhip taught;
A paſſion which my ſighs have only ſhewn,
And now beg leave my baſhful tongue may own

The

The knowledge, Madam, will not much ſurpriſe,
Which you have gain'd already from mine eyes;
My timerous heart that way my tongue would ſpare,
And tells you of the flames you've kindled there:
'Tis long I've ſuffer'd under this conſtraint,
Have always ſuffer'd, but ne're made complaint;
And now againſt my will I muſt reveal,
What Love, and my reſpect, would fain conceal.

Iſm. What mean you Sir? what have you ſeen in me,
That ſhould encourage this temerity?

Alb. A world of Beauties, and a world of Charms,
And every ſmile and frown begets new harms;
In vain I ſtrove my paſſion to ſubdue,
Which ſtill increas'd the more I look't on you;
Nor will my heart permit me to retire,
But makes my eyes the convoys to my fire,
And not one glance you ſend is caſt away.

Iſm. Enough my Lord, have you nought elſe to ſay? [*ſmiles.*
The Plots betray'd, and can no further go;
The Stratagem's diſcover'd to the Foe;
I find *Antonio* has more love then wit,
And I'le endeavour too to merit it.

Alb. What you have ſaid, I do confeſs is true,
Antonio beg'd I would make love to you;
But, Madam, whilſt my heart was unconfin'd,
A thouſand ways the treachery I declin'd;
But now *Clarina*, by my life I ſwear,
It is my own concern that brings me here:
Had he been juſt to you, I had ſuppreſt
The flame your eyes have kindled in my breaſt;
But his ſuſpition rais'd my paſſion more,
And his injuſtice taught me adore;
But 'tis a paſſion which you may allow,
Since its effects ſhall never injure you.

Iſm. You have oblig'd me, Sir, by your confeſſion,
And I ſhall own it too at ſuch a rate,
As both becomes my duty to *Antonio*,
And my reſpect to you; but I muſt beg

You'l

You'l never name your paſſion to me more;
That guilty language, Sir, I muſt not hear,
—And yet your ſilence kills me. [*Aſide.*
[*Iſab.* Very well diſſembled. [*Aſide.*

Alb. I can obey you, Madam, though I cannot live,
Whilſt you command me ſilence;
For 'tis a flame that dares not look abroad
To ſeek for pity from anothers eyes.

Iſm. How he moves me; if this were real now, [*Aſide.*
Or that he knew to whom he made this Courtſhip—

Alb. Oh do not turn away as if diſpleas'd.

Iſm. No more, you've diſcompos'd my thoughts;
Begon and never let me ſee thy face again.

Alb. Madam, I go, and will no more offend you,
—But I will look my laſt—farewel. [*Offers to go.*

Iſab. Pray, Madam, call him back, he may be deſperate.
—My Lord return—

Iſm. *Alberto*, tell me what you'd have me do.

Alb. Ah Madam, do not put me to my choice,
For Lovers are unreaſonable,
If I might name it, I would have you love me.

Iſm. Love you, and what would be the end of that?

Alb. I cannot tell, but wiſh you were inclin'd
To make a tryal, Madam;
I have no thought or wiſh beyond that bleſſing,
And that once gain'd ſure, I ſhould ask no more.

Iſm. Were I inclin'd to this, have you conſider'd
The fatal conſequences which attend
The breach of Vows and Friendſhip.

Alb. Madam, *Antonio* firſt was falſe to you,
And not to puniſh that, were ſuch a Vertue
As he would never thank you for;
By all that's good, till he prov'd ſo to you,
He had my Soul in keeping;
But this act, makes me reſolve
To recompence his folly.

Iſm. You've found the eaſieſt paſſage to my heart,
You've took it on the weakeſt ſide;

——But I muſt beg you will pretend no further.

Alb. Divine *Clarina*, let me pay my thanks
In this ſubmiſſive poſture, and never riſe, [*Kneels.*
Till I can gain ſo much upon your credit,
As to believe my paſſion tends no farther
Then to adore you thus---- and thus poſſeſs you,
[*Kiſſes her hand and Bows.*

Iſm. Have not I diſſembled finely *Iſabella.* [*Aſide.*

Iſab. Yes, if you could make me believe 'tis ſo. [*Aſide.*

Iſm. Riſe, Sir, and leave me, that I may bluſh alone
For what I've parted with ſo eaſily;
Pray do not viſit me again too ſoon,
—But uſe your own diſcretion, and be ſecret.

Alb. Madam, The bleſſed ſecret here is lodg'd,
Which time ſhall ne're reveal to humane knowledge. [*Ex. Alb.*

Iſm. I'me glad he's gone before *Antonio* return'd;

Enter Laura *Weeping.*

----What *Laura* all in Tears, the reaſon pray!

Lau. Madam, the Prince conducted by my brother,
About an hour ſince made me a viſit;
The Man of all the world I would have ſhun'd,
Knowing his Amorous and inconſtant temper;
—At his approach he bluſht and ſtarted back,
And I with great amazement did the like.
With fear I loſt all power of going from him,
As he had done of making his addreſs;
He gaz'd, and wonder'd, and I gaz'd on him,
And from his ſilence I became amaz'd.
—My brother ſtood confounded at our poſtures,
And only by the motion of his head,
(Which now he turn'd to me, then on the Prince)
We knew that he had life.

Iſm. Well, how recover'd ye?

Lau. The Prince then kneel'd, but could approach no nearer,
And then as if he'd taken me for ſome Deity;
He made a long diſorder'd Amorous ſpeech,
Which brought me back to ſenſe again;
But *Lorenzo* told him that I was a mortal,

And

And brought him nearer to me,
Where he began to make ſuch vows of Love----
Iſm. What then?
Lau. Then I am ruin'd—
To all I ſaid he found a contradiction,
And my denials did but more inflame him;
I told him of the vows I'de made to *Curtius*,
But he reply'd that *Curtius* was a Subject;
But ſure at laſt I'de won upon his goodneſs,
Had not my Father enter'd,
To whom the Prince addreſt himſelf;
And with his moving tale ſo won upon him,
Or rather by his quality,
That he has gain'd his leave to viſit me,
And quite forbids me e're to ſpeak to *Curtius*.
Iſm. Alas the day, is this all?
Lau. All? can there be more to make me miſerable?
Iſm. I ſee no reaſon thou haſt to complain;
Come, wipe your eyes, and take a good heart,
For I'le tell thee a ſtory of my own,
That will let thee ſee I have much more cauſe to weep;
And yet I have a thouſand little ſtratagems
In my head, which give me as many hopes:
This unlucky reſtraint upon our Sex,
Makes us all cunning, and that ſhall aſſiſt thee now
With my help, I warrant thee;
Come in with me and know the reſt. [*Exeunt.*
Iſab. So, ſo, diſguiſe it how you will,
I know you are a real Lover;
And that ſecret ſhall advance my Love-deſign;
Yes Madam, now I will be ſerv'd by you,
Or you ſhall fail to find a friend of me. [*Ex. Iſab.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lorenzo *Drunk, with a Page, and Musick as in the dark.*

Lor. Here's the door, begin and play your best,
But let them be soft low Notes, do you hear? [*They Play.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Musick at my Lodgings, it is *Alberto*;
Oh how I love him for't--- if *Clarina* stand his
Courtship, I am made;
I languish between hope and fear.

Lor. Stay Friend, I hear some body. [*Musick ceases.*

Page. 'Tis no body Sir.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. 'Tis *Lorenzo*, and my Plots ripe; [*Aside.*
'Twill not sure be hard to get him, under pretence
Of seeing *Clarina*, into my Chamber,
And then I'le order him at my pleasure:
Ismena is on my side, for I know all her secrets,
And she must wink at mine therefore. [*She retires.*

Lor. Thou art in the right Boy,
I think indeed 'twas nothing. [*Plays again.*

Enter Alberto.

Alb. She yields, bad woman!
Why so easily won?
By me too, who am thy Husbands friend!
Oh dangerous boldness! unconsidering woman,
I lov'd thee, whilst I thought thou could'st not yield;
But now that easiness has undone thy interest in my heart.
I'le back and tell thee that it was to try thee.

Lor. No, no, 'twas my fears, away with the Song,
I'le take it on your word that 'tis fit for my purpose.

Fid. I'le warrant you my Lord.

Lorenzo *being retir'd the while a little further:*

SONG.

IN vain I have labour'd the Victor to prove,
Of a heart that can ne're give attendance to Love;
So hard to be done,
That nothing so young
Could e're have resisted a passion so long.

Yet nothing I left unattempted or said,
That might soften the heart of this pitiless Maid;
But still she was shye,
And would blushing deny,
Whilst her willinger eyes gave her Language the lye.

Since Phillis, *my passion you vow to despise,*
Withdraw the false hopes from your flattering eyes,
For whilst they inspire
A resistless vain fire.
We shall grow to abhor, what we now do admire. [*Ex. Musick.*

Alb. What's this, and at *Clarina's* lodgings too?
Sure 'tis *Antonio* impatient of delay,
Gives her a Serenade for me.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. 'Tis the fool himself---
My Lord, where are you?
Alb. How, a womans voice! 'tis dark, I'le advance.
Lor. Thou Simpleton, I told thee there was some-body.
Pag. Lord, Sir, 'tis only *Isabella* that calls you.
Lor. Away Sirrah, I find by my fears 'tis no woman,

[*Goes out with the Page.*

Isab. Why don't you come, here's no body.
Alb. Here I am.
Isab. Where?
Alb. Here. [*Gives her his Hand.*
Isab. My Lord, you may venture, *Clarina* will be
Alone within this hour, where you shall entertain

Her

Her at your freedom; but you must stay a while in my
Chamber till my Lords a bed,
For none but I must know of the favour she designs you.
Alb. Oh gods! what language do I here----
False and perfidious woman, I might have thought,
Since thou wer't gain'd so easily by me,
Thou wouldst with equal haste yield to another.
Isab. It is not *Lorenzo*, what shall I do? [*she steals in.*
Enter Lorenzo *and* Page.
Lor. A Pox of all Damn'd Cowardly fear,
Now did I think I had drunk Nature up to resolution;
I have heard of those that could have dar'd in their drink,
But I find, drunk or sober, 'tis all one in me.
Alb. The Traytor's here,
Whom I will kill who e're he be.
Lor. Boy, go see for *Isabella*.
Boy. I see a man should not be a Coward and a Lover
At once--- *Isabella*, *Isabella*, she's gone Sir. [*Calls.*
Alb. Yes villain, she's gone, and in her room
Is one that will chastise thy boldness.
Lor. That's a proud word though, who e're thou be,
But how I shall avoid it, is past my understanding.
Alb. Where art thou slave?
[Alberto *gropes for him, he avoids him.*
Pag. Take heart Sir, here's company which I will
Get to assist you— [*Enter* Antonio.
Sir, as you are a Gentleman, assist a stranger set upon by Thieves.
[*They fight*, Antonio *with* Alberto, [Lor. *runs away*
Alberto *falls, is wounded.* *the while.*
Alb. Who e're thou be'st that takes the Traytors part,
Commend me to the wrong'd *Antonio*.
Ant. *Alberto*! dear *Alberto*, is it thee?
Alb. *Antonio!*
Ant. I am asham'd to say I am *Antonio*;
Oh gods, why would you suffer this mistake?
Alb. I am not wounded much,
My greatest pain is my concern for thee;
Friend thou art wrong'd, falsly and basely wrong'd;

Clarina

Clarina whom you lov'd and fear'd,
Has now betray'd thy Honour with her own.
Ant. Without that ſad addition to my grief,
I ſhould not long have born the weight of life,
Having deſtroy'd thine by a dire miſtake.
Alb. Thou art deceiv'd.
Ant. Alas, why was it not permitted me
To loſe my Friend, or Wife, had one ſurviv'd,
I might have dy'd in ſilence for the other;
Oh my *Alberto*! oh *Clarina* too---- [*Weeps.*
Alb. Come, do not grieve for me, I ſhall be well,
I yet find ſtrength enough to get a way;
And then I'le let thee know my fate and thine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. IV.

Enter Clarina, Iſmena, *and* Iſabella *weeping.*

Iſab. For Heavens ſake, Madam, pardon me.
Clar. Be dumb for ever falſe and treacherous woman,
Was there no way but this to maſk your Cheat?
A Lye which has undone us all.
Iſab. Alas, 'twas in the dark, how could I know him?
Pray forgive it me, and try my future ſervice.
Clar. I never will forgive thee naughty Girl;
Alberto now incens'd, will tell *Antonio* all.
Iſab. What need you care Madam?
You are ſecure enough.
Clar. Thou ſalv'ſt an error with a greater ſtill;
Doſt thou not know *Antonio*'s Jealouſie,
Which yet is moderate, rais'd to a higher pitch,
May ruine me, *Iſmena*, and thy ſelf?
Iſm. Siſter, there cannot be much harm in this,
'Tis an ill chance, 'tis true, for by it we have loſt
The pleaſure of an innocent revenge
Upon *Antonio*; but if underſtood,
We have but miſs'd that end.
Clar. Oh *Iſmena*!

This

This Jealouſie is an unapprehenſive madneſs,
A non-ſence which does ſtill abandon reaſon.
Iſab. Madam, early in the morning
I'le to *Alberto*'s Lodgings, and tell him the miſtake.
Clar. 'Twil be too late,
Iſm. Siſter, what think you if I go my ſelf?
Clar. You ſhould not be ſo daring;
Beſides, I bluſh to think what ſtrange opinion
He'le entertain of me the while,
Iſm. Do not let that afflict you,
Fetch my veil, and if *Antonia* chance to ask for me,
Tell him I'me gone to *Laura*, [*Ex. Iſab.*
Believe me, I will ſet all ſtrait again.

Enter Iſabella *with the Veil.*

Clar. Thou haſt more courage, Girl, then I.
Iſm. What need is there of much of that,
To encounter a gay young Lover,
Where I am ſure there cannot be much danger?
Clar. Well take your chance, I wiſh you luck Sir,
For I am e'ne as much bent upon revenge,
As thou art upon Marriage,
Iſm. Come, my Veil, this and the night
Will enough ſecure me—
[*Puts on the Veil and goes out.* *Ex.* Clar. *and* Iſab.

SCENE V.

Diſcovers Alberto *and* Antonio.

Alb. Nay, thou ſhalt ſee't before thou doſt revenge it,
In ſuch a caſe, thy ſelf ſhould be the witneſs,
She knows not what has paſt to night between us,
Nor ſhould ſhe, if thou could'ſt contain thy rage;
And that *Antonia*, you ſhall promiſe me;
To morrow place thy ſelf behind the Arras,
And from thy eyes thy own misfortunes know.
----What will not diſobliged paſſion do? [*Aſide.*
Ant. I'le hide my anger in a ſeeming calm,

And

And what I have to do, conſult the while,
And maſk my vengeance underneath a ſmile. [*Ex.* Antonio.

Page. My Lord, there is without a Lady
Deſires to ſpeak with you.

Alb. Who is't?

Page. I know not, Sir, ſhe's veild.

Enter Iſmena *weeping.*

Alb. Conduct her in.

Iſm. Oh *Alberto*, *Iſabella* has undone us all!

Alb. She weeps, and looks as innocent!
—What mean you falſe diſſembling *Clarina?*
What, have you borrow'd from deceit new Charms?
And think'ſt to fool me to a new belief.

Iſm. How Sir, can you too be unkind?
Nay then 'tis time to dye;
Alas, there wanted but your credit
To this miſtake, to make me truely miſerable.

Alb. What credit? what miſtake? oh undeceive me,
For I have done thee injuries paſt forgiveneſs,
If thou be'ſt truly innocent.

Iſm. *Iſabella*, under pretence of courting me
For *Lorenzo*, on whom ſhe has deſigns to
Make a Husband;
Has given him freedoms will undo my honour,
If not prevented ſoon.

Alb. May I credit this? and that it was not by thy
Command ſhe did it.

Iſm. Be witneſs Heaven, my innocence in this,
Which if you will believe, I'me ſafe again.

Alb. I do believe thee, but thou art not ſafe.
Here, take this Poyniard, and revenge thy wrongs,
Wrongs which I dare not beg a pardon for. [*He gives her a Dagger.*

Iſm. Why, Sir, what have you done? have you
Deceiv'd me, and do you not indeed Love me?

Alb. Oh *Clarina*! do not ask that queſtion,
Too much of that has made me ruine thee;
It made me jealous, drunk with jealouſie,
And then I did unravel all my ſecrets.

Iſm. What ſecrets, Sir? you have then ſeen *Antonio*.
Alb. Yes.
Iſm. Hah --- Now Wit if ere thou didſt poſſeſs [*Aſide.*
A Woman; aſſiſt her at her need.
---- Well Sir, riſe and tell me, all;
Alb. I will not riſe till you have pardon'd me,
Or puniſht my misfortune.
Iſm. Be what it will I do forgive it thee.
Alb. *Antonio* Madam knows my happineſs,
For in my rage I told him that you lov'd me;
---- What ſhall I do?
Iſm. I cannot blame you though it were unkind.
Alb. This I could help, but I have promis'd him,
That he ſhall be a witneſs of this truth;
What ſay you Madam do I not merit death?
Oh ſpeak and let me know my doom what ere it be?
Iſm. Make good your word.
Alb. What mean you?
Iſm. What you have promis'd him, perform as you intended.
Alb. What then?
Iſm. Then come as you deſign'd to viſit me.
Alb. But let me know what 'tis you mean to do,
That I may Act accordingly.
Iſm. No. Anſwer me to every queſtion aſk'd,
And I perhaps may ſet all ſtraight again;
'Tis now late, and I muſt not be miſſing,
But if you love me, be no more Jealous of me.
---- Farewel.
Alb. Muſt I be Ignorant then of your deſign?
Iſm. Yes, *Alberto*.
And you ſhall ſee what Love will make a Woman do.
[*He leads her out.*
Alb. Now am I caught again, inconſtant Nature.
---- Would ſhe had leſs of Beauty or of Wit,
Or that *Antonio* did but leſs deſerve her;
---- Or that ſhe were not married,
Or I'de leſs Virtue, for 'tis that which aws me,
That tender ſenſe of nothing:

And

And makes the other Reaſons ſeem as Bugbears,
---- I Love *Clarina* more than he can do;
And yet this Virtue doth oppoſe that Love,
Tells me there lurks a treaſon there
Againſt *Antonio*'s and *Clarina*'s Virtue;
---- 'Tis but too true indeed, and I'm not ſafe,
Whilſt I conceal the Criminal within
---- I muſt reveal it, for whilſt I hide the Traytor
I ſeem to Love the Treaſon to,
---- I will reſign it then, ſince 'tis leſs blame,
To periſh by my pain, then live with ſhame. [*Exit.*

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

Enter Frederick *and* Laura.

Fred. I *Aura*, Conſider well my quality,
And be not angry with your Fathers Confidence,
Who left us here alone.
Lau. He will repent that Freedom when he knows,
What uſe you've made on't Sir.
Fred. Fy, fy, *Laura*, a Lady bred at Court, and
Yet want Complaiſance enough to entertain
A Gallant in private: this coy Humour
Is not *Ala mode*.
---- Be not ſo peeviſh with a heart that dyes for you.
Lau. Pray tell me Sir, what is't in me that can
Encourage this?
Fred. That which is in all Lovely Women, *Laura*;
A thouſand bluſhes play about your Cheeks,
Which ſhows the briſkneſs of the blood that warms them.
---- If I but tell you how I do adore you,
You ſtraight decline your Eyes,
Which does declare you underſtand my meaning,
And every ſmile or frown betrays your thoughts,

And yet you cry, you do not give me cauſe. [*Enter Maid.*

Maid. Curtius Madam waits without.

Fred. I do not like his haſte.

---- Tell him he cannot be admitted now.

Lau. Sir, he is one that merits better treatment from you;
How can you injure thus the Man you Love?

Fred. Oh Madam aſk your Eyes,
Thoſe powerful Attracts;
And do not call their Forces ſo in queſtion,
As to believe they kindle feeble fires;
Such as a Friendſhip can ſurmount. No *Laura*,
They've done far greater miracles.

Lau. Sir 'tis in vain you tell me of their power,
Unleſs they could have made a nobler Conqueſt
Then hearts that yield to every petty Victor.
---- Look on me well,
Can nothing here inform you of my Soul,
And how it ſcorns to treat on theſe conditions.
[*Looks on him, he gazes with a half ſmile.*

Fred. Faith, no *Laura*.
I ſee nothing there but wondrous Beauty,
And a deal of needleſs Pride, and ſcorn;
And ſuch as may be humbl'd.

Lau. Sir you miſtake, that never can abate,
But yet I know your power may do me injuries;
But I believe your guilty of no ſin,
Save your inconſtancy which is ſufficient;
And Sir I beg I may not be the firſt [*Kneels and weeps.*
May find new Crimes about you.

Fred. Riſe *Laura* thou haſt but too many Beautyes,
Which pray be careful that you keep conceal'd. [*offers to go.*

Lau. I humbly thank you Sir.

Fred. ---- But why ſhould this interpoſing Virtue check me.
— Stay *Laura* tell me; muſt you marry *Curtius*?

Lau. Yes Sir, I muſt.

Fred. Laura you muſt not.

Lau. How Sir!

Fred. I ſay you ſhall not marry him,

Unleſs

Unleſs you offer up a victim,
That may appeaſe the anger you have rais'd in me.
Lau. Ile offer up a 1000. prayers and tears.
Fred. That will not do.
Since thou'ſt deny'd my juſt pretentions to thee,
No leſs then what I tould you off ſhall ſatisfy me.
Lau. Oh where is all your Honour, and your Virtue?
Fred. Juſt where it was, there's no ſuch real thing.
I know that thou wert made to be poſſeſt,
And he that does refuſe it, loves thee leaſt.
—There's danger in my Love, and your delay,
And you are moſt ſecure whilſt you obey. [*He pulls her gently.*
Lau. Then this ſhall be my ſafety, hold off,
[*She draws a Dagger.*
Or I'l forget you are my Prince. [*He laughs.*
Fred. Pretty *Virago*, how you raiſe my Love?
—I have a Dagger too; What will you do? [*Shows her a Dagger.*
Enter Curtius.
Cur. How! the Prince! arm'd againſt *Laura* too! [*Draws.*
Fred. Traytor, doſt draw upon thy Prince?
Cur. Your Pardon Sir, I meant it on a Raviſher. [*Bows.*
A foul miſguided Villain.
One that ſcarce merits the brave name of Man.
One that betrays his friend, forſakes his Wife;
And would commit a Rape upon my Miſtreſs.
Fred. Her preſence is thy ſafety, be gone and leave me.
Cur. By no means Sir; the Villain may return;
To which fair *Laura* ſhould not be expos'd.
Fred. Slave darſt thou diſobey? [*Offers to fight.*
Cur. Hold Sir, and do not make me guilty of a ſin,
Greater then that of yours. [*Enter* Salvator.
Salv. Gods pitty me; here's fine doings. — Why how
Came this riſtring Youngſter into my Houſe? Sir,
Who ſent for you, Hah?
Cur. Love.
Salv. Love, with a witneſs to whom? my Daughter?
— No Sir, ſhe's otherwiſe diſpos'd of I can aſſure
You. Begone and leave my Houſe and that quickly
Too. And thank me that I do not ſecure Thee

Thee for a Traytor.

Cur. Will you not here me ſpeak?

Salv. Not a word Sir, go begone; unleſs your Highneſs will have him apprehended. [*To* Fred.

Fred. No Sir, it ſhall not need.—*Curtius* look To hear from me.—- [*Comes up to him and tells him ſo in a menacing tone, and go out ſeverally.*

Salv. Go Mrs. *Minks*, get you in. [*Ex.* Salv. *and* Laur.

SCENE II.

Enter Frederick *paſſing in anger over the Stage, meets* Lorenzo.

Lor. O Sir, I'm glad I've found you; for I have the rareſt news for you.

Fred. What news?

Lor. Oh the Devil, he's angry; —Why Sir the Prettyeſt young—

Fred. There's for your intelligence. [*ſtrikes him and goes out.*

Lor. So very well; How Mortal is the favour of Princes: theſe be turns of State now; what the Devil ails he trow; ſure he could not be Offended with the news I have brought him; if he be he's Strangely out of Tune;
And ſure he has too much Wit to grow Virtuous at theſe Years: No, no, he has had ſome repulſe from a Lady; and that's a wonder; for he has a Tongue and a Purſe that ſeldom fails; if youth and vigour would Stretch as far, he were the wonder of the Age. [*Enter* Curt.

Curt. Lorenzo, didſt thou ſee the Prince?

Lor. Marry did I, and feel him too.

Curt. Why, did he ſtrike you?

Lor. I'm no true ſubject if he did not; and that Only for doing that ſervice which once was moſt acceptable To him.—Prethee whats the matter with him, hah?

Cur. I know not, leave me.

Lor. Leave thee, what art thou out of humour too?

Let

Let me but know who 'tis has diſoblig'd thee, and Ile—

Cur. What wilt thou?

Lor. Never ſee his face more if a Man.

Cur. And what if a Woman?

Lor. Then ſhe's an Idle peeviſh Slut I'le warrant her.

Cur. Conclude it ſo and leave me.

Lor. Nay now thou haſt ſaid the only thing that could,
Keep me with thee, thou maiſt be deſperate; I'le
Tell you *Curtius* theſe Female miſchiefs make men
Take dangerous reſolutions ſometimes. [*Enter* Alber.

Alb. *Curtius*, I've ſomething to deliver to your Ear. [*Whiſpers.*

Curt. Any thing from *Alberto* is welcom.

Lor. Well I will be hang'd if there be not ſome
Miſchief in Agitation; it cannot be wenching;
They look all too dull and ſober for that; and beſides
Then I ſhould have been a party concern'd.

Cur. The place and time.

Alb. An hour hence i'th' Grove by the River ſide.

Cur. Alone thou ſay'ſt?

Alb. Alone, the Prince will have it ſo.

Cur. I will not fail a moment. [*Ex.* Alb.
—So this ha's eas'd my heart of half its load.

Lor. I'le ſneak away, for this is ſome fighting
Buſineſs, and I may perhaps be invited a ſecond,
A Complement I care not for. [*Offers to go.*

Cur. *Lorenzo*, a word with you.

Lor. 'Tis ſo, what ſhall I do now? [*Aſide.*

Cur. Stay.

Lor. I am a little in haſte my Lord.

Cur. I ſhall ſoon diſpatch you.

Lor. I beleive ſo, for I am half dead already [*Aſide.*
With fear; Sir, I have promis'd to make a viſit
To a Lady, and—

Cur. What I've to ſay ſhall not detain you long.

Lor. What a Dog was I, I went not,
When he firſt deſir'd me to go?
Oh impertinency, thou art juſtly rewarded!

Cur. *Lorenzo*, may I believe you love me?

Lor.

Lor. Now what ſhall I ſay, I or no? [*Aſide.*
The Devil take me if I know.
Cur. Will you do me a favour?
Lor. There 'tis again. [*Aſide.*
Cur. I know I may truſt thee with a ſecret.
Lor. Truly, *Curtius*, I cannot tell,
In ſome caſes I am not very retentive.
Cur. I am going about a buſineſs, that perhaps
May take up all the time I have to live,
And I may never ſee thy Siſter more;
Will you oblige me in a meſſage to her?
Lor. You know you may command me;
—I'me glad 'tis no worſe. [*Aſide.*
Cur. Come go with me into my Cabinet,
And there I'le write to *Laura*;
And prethee if thou hear'ſt that I am dead,
Tell her I fell a Sacrifice to her,
And that's enough, ſhe underſtands the reſt:
Lor. But harky *Curtius*, by your favour, this is but a
Scurvy tale to carry to your Miſtreſs;
I hope you are not in earneſt?
Cur. Yes.
Lor. Yes? why, what a fooliſh idle humour's this in you?
I vow 'twill go near to break the poor Girls heart;
—Come be adviſ'd man.
Cur. Perhaps I may conſider on't for that reaſon.
Lor. There are few that go about ſuch buſineſſes,
But have one thing or other to conſider in favour of life,
I find that even in the moſt magnanimous:
—Prethee who is't with?
Cur. That's counſel; and pray let this too which I have
Told you be a ſecret, for 'twill concern your life.
Lor. Good *Curtius* take it back again then,
For a hundred to one but my over care of keeping it,
Will betray it.
Cur. Thou loveſt thy ſelf better.
Lor. Well that's a comfort yet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *A Wood.*

Enter Cloris *dreſt like a Country Boy, follow'd by* Guilliam *a Clown;* Cloris *comes reading a Letter.*

Clo. reads. Cloris *beware of men; for though I my ſelf be one,*
Yet I have the frailties of my Sex, and can diſſemble too;
Truſt none of us, for if thou doſt, thou art undone;
We make vows to all alike we ſee.
And even the beſt of men, the Prince,
Is not to be credited in an affair of Love.
—Oh *Curtius*, thy advice was very kind,
Had it arriv'd before I'de been undone!
—Can *Frederick* too be falſe?
A Prince, and be unjuſt to her that loves him too?
—Surely it is impoſſible——
Perhaps thou lov'ſt me too, and this may be [*Pointing to the Letter.*
Some Plot of thine to try my conſtancy:
—How e're it be, ſince he could fail laſt night
Of ſeeing me, I have at leaſt a cauſe to juſtifie
This ſhameful change; and ſure in this diſguiſe,
I ſhall not ſoon be known, doſt think I ſhall? [*Looks on her ſelf.*

Guil. Why forſooth, what do you intend to paſs for,
A Maid or a Boy?

Clor. Why, what I ſeem to be, will it not do?

Guil. Yes, yes, it may do, but I know not what;
I wo'd Love would Tranſmogriphy me to a Maid now,
—We ſhould be the prettieſt couple;
Don't you remember when you dreſt me up the laſt
Carnival, was not I the woundieſt handſom laſs
A body could ſee in a Summers day?
There was *Claud* the Shepherd as frekiſh after me
I'le warrant you, and ſimper'd and tript it like any thing.

Clor. I, but they ſay 'tis dangerous for young
Maids to live at Court.

Guil. Nay, then I ſhould be loth to give temptation.
—Pray forſooth, what's that you read ſo often there?

Clor. An advice to young Maids that are in Love.

Guil. I, I, that ſame Love is a very vengeance thing,
Wo'd I were in Love too; I ſee it makes a body Valiant;
One neither feels hunger nor cold that is poſſeſt with it.

Clor. Thou art i'th' right, it can do miracles.

Guil. So it ſeems, for without a miracle you and I could never
Have rambled about theſe Woods all night without either
Bottle or Wallet: I could e'ne cry for hunger now.

Clor. What a dull Soul this fellow hath?
Sure it can never feel the generous pains
Of Love, as mine does now; Oh how I glory
To find my heart above the common rate;
Were not my Prince inconſtant!
I would not envy what the bleſſed do above:
But he is falſe good Heaven!--- *weeps.* [Guil. *howls.*
—What doſt thou feel that thou ſhouldſt weep with me?

Guil. Nothing but hunger, ſharp hunger forſooth.

Clor. Leave calling me forſooth it will betray us.

Guil. What ſhall I call you then?

Clor. Call me *Philibert*, or any thing,
And be familiar with me: put on thy Hat leaſt any come and ſee us.

Guil. 'Tis a hard name but I'le learn it by heart.
—Well *Philibert*—what ſhall we do when we come to Court
[*Puts on his Hat.*
Beſides eating and drinking, which I ſhall do in abundance.

Clor. We muſt get each of us a ſervice.
—But thou art ſuch a Clown.

Guil. Nay ſay not ſo honeſt *Phillibert*: for look yee,
I am much the properer fellow of the two. [*Walks.*

Clor. Well try thy fortune; but be ſure you never diſcover
Me, what ever queſtions may chance to be aſkt thee.

Guil. I warrant the honeſt Lad, I am true and truſty;
But I muſt be very familiar with you you ſay.

Clor. Yes before Company.

Guil. Pray let me begin and Practice a little now
A'nt pleaſe you, for fear I ſhould not be ſawcy enough,
When we arrive at Court.

Clor. I'le warrant you, you'l ſoon learn there.

Guil. —Oh Lord *Phillibert! Phillibert!* I ſee a Man a coming
Moſt deadly fine, lets run away.
Clor. Thus thou haſt ſerv'd me all this night,
There's not a buſh we come at but thou ſtartſt thus.
Guil. 'Tis true you are a lover and may ſtay the danger on't,
But I'le make ſure for one.
Clor. It is the Prince, Oh Gods what makes he here!
With looks diſorder'd too; this place is fit for Death and ſad
Deſpair; the melancholy Spring a ſleepy murmure makes,
A proper Conſort for departing Souls,
When mixt with dying Grones, and the thick boughs
Compoſe a diſmal roof;
Dark as the gloomy ſhades of Death or Graves:
—He comes this way Ile hide my ſelf a while. [*Goes behind a Buſh.*

Enter Frederick.

Fred. But yet not this nor my diſpight to *Laura*,
Shall make me out of Love with life,
Whilſt I have youthful fires about my heart:
—Yet I muſt fight with *Curtius*,
And ſo chaſtiſe the Pride of that fond Maid,
Whoſe ſaucy Virtue durſt controul my flame;
—And yet I love her not as I do *Cloris*;
But fain I would have overcome that Chaſtity
Of which the fooliſh Beauty boaſts ſo.
Clor. Curtius I thank thee, now I do believe thee.
[*The Prince walks.*
Guilliam. if thou ſeeſt any fighting anon,
Be ſure you run out and call ſome body.
Guil. You need not bid me run away when I once
See them go to that.

Enter Curtius.

Curt. Sir I am come as you commanded me.
Fred. When you conſider what you've lately done,
You will not wonder why I ſent for you;
And when I mean to fight, I do not uſe to parly;
Come draw.
Curt. Show me my Enemy, and then if I am ſlow ——
Fred. I am he, needſt thou one more powerful?

Curt. You Sir, what have I done to make you ſo?
Fred. If yet thou wanteſt a further proof of it,
Know Ile diſpute my Claim to *Laura.*
Curt. That muſt not be with me Sir,
God forbid that I ſhould raiſe my Arm againſt my Prince:
---- If *Laura* have ſo little Faith and Virtue,
To render up that right belongs to me,
With all my heart I yield her
To any but to you;
And Sir for your own ſake you muſt not have her.
Fred. Your Reaſon?
Curt. Sir you're already marryed.
Fred. Thou lyeſt, and ſeek'ſt excuſes for thy Cowardice.
Curt. I wiſh you would recall that haſty injury,
Yet this Ile bear from you, who know 'tis falſe.
Fred. Will nothing move thee?
Curt. You would believe ſo Sir if I ſhould tell you
That beſides all this, I have a juſter cauſe.
Fred. Juſter then that of *Laura*? call it up then,
And let it ſave thee from a further ſhame.
Curt. Yes ſo I will 'tis that of *Cloris*,
Who needs my aids much more;
Do you remember ſuch a Virgin Sir?
For ſo ſhe was till ſhe knew *Frederick*;
The ſweeteſt innocent that ever Nature made.
Fred. Not thy own Honour, nor thy Love to *Laura*
Would make the draw, and now at *Cloris* name,
Thou art incens'd, thy eyes all red with rage:
---- Oh thou haſt rows'd my Soul;
Nor would I juſtify my wrongs to her,
Unleſs it were to ſatisfy my jealouſie,
Which thou haſt rais'd in me by this concern.
---- Draw or I'le kill thee.
Curt. Stay Sir, and hear me out.
Fred. I will not ſtay, now I reflect on all thy
Former kindneſs to her —.
Curt. I will not fight, but I'l defend my ſelf. [*They fight.*
Fred. We are betray'd.

[*Curt.*

Curt. Yes Sir, and you are wounded.

[Guil. *runs bawling out, they are both wounded.*

Clor. Oh Heaven defend the Prince. [*She peeps.*

Fred. I hear ſome coming, go be gone,
And ſave thy ſelf by flight. [Fred. *ſtands leaning on his Sword.*

Curt. Sir give me leave to ſtay, my flight will look like guilt.

Fred. By no means *Curtius*, thou wilt be taken here,
And thou ſhalt never charge me with that Crime of betraying
Thee: when we meet next wee'l end it.

Curt. I muſt obey you then. [*Exit* Curt.

Enter Cloris.

Clor. Sir, has the Villain hurt you? [*She ſupports him.*
—Pray Heaven my ſorrows do not betray me now,
For ſince he's falſe, I fain would dy conceal'd. [*Aſide.*
—Show me your wound and I will ty it up.
Alas you bleed extreamly —

Fred. Kind youth thy ſuccours are in vain though welcom,
For though I bleed I am not wounded much.

Clor. No? Why did you let him paſs unpuniſht then,
Who would have hurt you more?

Enter Guillam *with a Galliard.*

Serv. Where was't?

Guil. Look ye Sir there, don't you ſee them.

Serv. How does your Highneſs? this fellow told me
Of a quarrel here, which made me haſt.

Fred. Be ſilent, and carry me to my own apartment.

Serv. Alas Sir, is it you that fought?

Fred. No more queſtions. —
Kind Boy pray leave me not till I have found
A way to recompence thy pretty care of me.

Clor. I will wait on you Sir. [*Exeunt all but* Guillam.

Enter Lorenzo. [*Peeps firſt.*

Lor. What's the matter here? the Prince is wounded too.
Oh what a Dog was I to know of ſome ſuch thing,
And not ſecure them all?

Lorenzo *ſtands gazing at* Gill.

Guil. *ſtands tabering his Hat and ſcruing his face.*
—What's here? Hah, hah, hah, this is the pleaſanteſt

Fellow

Fellow that ere I ſaw in my life.
Prethee Friend what's thy Name?
Guil. My Name, an't ſhall like yee,
My Name is, is *Guillam.*
Lor. From whence comeſt thou?
Guil. From a Village a great huge way off.
Lor. And what's thy buſineſs here, hah?
Guil. Truly Sir, not to tell a ly,
I come to get a ſervice here at Court.
Lor. A ſervice at Court; hah, hah, that's a pleaſant
Humour y'faith. Why fellow what canſt thou do?
Guil. Do Sir, I can do any thing.
Lor. Why what canſt thou do? canſt thou dreſs well?
—Set a Perruke to advantage, ty a Crevatt,
And Cuffs, put on a Belt with dexterity, hah?
Theſe be the parts that muſt recommend you.
Guil. I know not what you mean,
But I am ſure I can do them all.
Lor. Thou art confident it ſeems, and I can tell
You Sirrah, that's a great ſtep to preferment;
—But well go on then, canſt ride the great Horſe?
Guil. The bigeſt in all our Town
I have rid a thouſand times.
Lor. That's well; canſt Fence?
Guil. Fence Sir, what's that?
Lor. A term we uſe for the Art and ſkill of handling a Weapon.
Guil. I can thraſh Sir.
Lor. What's that Man?
Guil. Why Sir it is --- it is --- thraſhing.
Lor. An Artiſt I vow; canſt play on any Muſick?
Guil. Oh moſt rogically Sir, I have a Bagpipe that
Every breath ſets the whole Village a Dancing.
Lor. Better ſtill; and thou canſt Dance Ile warrant?
Guil. Dance, he, he, he, I vow you've light on
My Maſter piece y'fegs.
Lor. And Ile try thee; Boy go fetch ſome of the [*To the Page.*
Muſick hither which I keep in pay? [*Exit Boy.*
---- But hark you Friend, thoug I love Dancing very well,

And

And that may recommend thee in a great degree;
Yet 'tis wholy neceſſary that you ſhould be valiant too;
We graet ones ought to be ſerv'd by men of valour,
For we are very liable to be affronted by many here
To our faces, which we would gladly have beaten behind
Our backs; --- But Pox on't thou haſt not the Huff,
And Grimaſs of a Man of Proweſs.

Guil. As for fighting though I do not care for it,
Yet I can do't if any body angers me or ſo.

Lor. But I muſt have you learn to do't when
Any body angers me too.

Guil. Sir, they told me I ſhould have no need on't
Here; but I ſhall learn.

Lor. Why you Fool that's not a thing to be learn'd,
---- That's a brave inclination born with Man,
A brave undaunted ſomething, a thing that,
That, comes from, from; I know not what,
For I was born without it.

Enter Page and Muſick.

Oh are you come? lets ſee Sirrah your Activity,
For I muſt tell you that's another ſtep to preferment.

[*He dances a Jigg* en Paiſant.

'Tis well perform'd; well hadſt thou but wit,
Valour, *Bon Meen*, good garb, a perruke,
Conduct and ſecreſie in Love Affairs, and half
A dozen more good qualities, thou wert
Fit for ſomething; but I will try thee.
Boy, let him have better Cloaths, as for his Documents
Ile give him thoſe my ſelf.

Guil. Hah, I don't like that word, it ſounds terribly. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit. Page and* Guil.

Lor. This fellow may be of uſe to me; being
Doubtleſs very honeſt becauſe he is ſo very ſimple;
For to ſay truth we men of parts are ſometimes
Over-wiſe; witneſs my laſt nights retreat
From but a ſuppoſed danger, and returning to fall
Into a real one. Well Ile now to *Iſabella*,
And know her final reſolution; if *Clarina* will

Be kind, ſo; if not, there be thoſe that will.
—And though I cannot any Conqueſt boaſt,
For all the time and money I have loſt,
At leaſt on *Iſabel* Ile be revenged,
And have the flattering baggage ſoundly ſwinged;
And rather then ſhe ſhall eſcape my Anger,
My ſelf will be the *Hero* that ſhall bang her. [*Exit.*

ACT. IV. SCENE. I.

Enter Iſmena *and* Iſabel.

Iſa. MAdam turn your back to that ſide,
For there *Antonio* is hid; he muſt not ſee your Face: now raiſe your voice that he may hear what 'tis you ſay.
Iſm. I'l warrant you. *Iſabella*,
was ever wretched Womans fate like mine,
Forc'd to obey the rigid Laws of Parents,
And marry with a Man I did not Love?
Ant. Oh theres my cauſe of fear. [Ant. *peeps.*
Iſm. Though ſince I had him thou knowſt I have indeavour'd
To make his will my Law;
Till by degrees and Cuſtom, which makes things natural,
I found this heart, which ne're had been ingag'd
To any other, grow more ſoft to him;
And ſtill the more he lov'd, the more I was oblig'd,
And made returns ſtill kinder; till I became
Not only to allow, but to repay his tenderneſs.
Iſa. She Counterfeits rarely. [*Aſide.*
Madam indeed I have obſerv'd this truth.
Iſm. See who 'tis knocks. [*One knocks.*
Ant. What will this come to? [*Aſide.*
Iſa. Madam 'tis *Alberto.*
Enter Alberto. [*Bows.*
Iſm. My Lord, you've often told me that you Lov'd me,
Which I with Womens uſual Pride believ'd;

And

And now encourag'd by my hopeful promiſes,
You look for ſome returns; Sir, is it ſo?
Alb. What means ſhe?
Pray Heaven I anſwer right; *Aſide.*
——Madam, if I have err'd in that belief,
To know I do ſo, is ſufficient puniſhment.
----Lovers, Madam, though they have no returns,
Like ſinking men, ſtill catch at all they meet with;
And whilſt they live, though in the mid'ſt of ſtorms,
Becauſe they wiſh, they alſo hope for calms.
Iſm. And did you Sir, conſider who I was?
Alb. Yes, Madam, Wife unto my Friend *Antonio*,
The only man that has an intereſt here:
----But, Madam, that muſt ſtill ſubmit to Love.
Iſm. Canſt thou at once be true to him and me?
Alb. Madam, I know not that,
But ſince I muſt looſe one,
My Friendſhip I can better lay aſide.
Iſm. Haſt thou forgot how dear thou art to him?
Alb. No, I do believe I am, and that his life
Were but a worthleſs trifle, if I needed it;
Yet, Madam, you are dearer to him ſtill,
Then his *Alberto*; and 'tis ſo with me:
---Him I eſteem, but you I do adore;
And he whoſe Soul's incenſible of love,
Can never grateful to his Friendſhip prove.
Iſm. By your example, Sir, I'le ſtill retain
My love for him; and what I had for you,
Which was but Friendſhip, I'le abandon too.
Ant. Happy *Antonio*.--- [*Aſide.*
Iſm. Pray what have you *Antonio* cannot own?
Has he not equal beauty, if not, exceeding thine?
Has he not equal vigour, wit, and valour?
And all that even raiſes Men to Gods,
Wer't not for poor Mortality?
—Vain man, could'ſt thou believe
That I would quit my duty to this Husband,
And ſacrifice his right to thee?

—Could'ſt thou believe me yeſterday?
When from thy importunity and impudence,
To ſend thee from me;
I promis'd thee to love thee;
—Nay rather, Treacherous man,
Could'ſt thou believe I did not hate thee then,
Who baſely would betray thy friend and me?
Alb. Sure this is earneſt. [*Aſide.*
Ant. Oh brave *Clarina*! [*Aſide.*
Iſm. Speak Traytor to my Fame and Honour;
Was there no woman, but *Antonio*'s Wife,
With whom thou could'ſt commit ſo foul a crime?
And none but he, too bring to publick ſhame?
A man who truſted thee, and lov'd thee too?
—Speak---and if yet thou haſt a ſenſe of Vertue,
Call to the Saints for pardon, or thou dy'ſt.
[*She draws a Poniard, and runs at him, he ſteps back to avoid it.*
Alb. Hold *Clarina!*—I am amaz'd.
Iſm. But ſtay,
Thou ſay'ſt my Beauty forc'd thee to this wickedneſs,
And that's the cauſe you have abus'd *Antonio*;
—Nor is it all the power I have with him,
Can make him credit what I tell him of thee;
And ſhould I live, I ſtill muſt be purſu'd by thee,
And unbeliev'd by him:
—*Alberto*, thou ſhalt ne're be guilty more,
Whilſt this—and this may meet.
[*Offering to wound her ſelf, is ſtay'd by* Alb. *and* Iſab. *they ſet* Iſm. *in a Chair,* Alb. *kneels weeping.*
Alb. Hold my Divine *Clarina.*—
Ant. Shall I diſcover my ſelf, or ſteal away? [*Aſide.*
And all aſham'd of life after this Action;
Go where the Sun or day may ever find me:
Oh what Vertue I've abus'd—
Curſe on my little Faith;
And all the Curſes madneſs can invent,
Light on my groundleſs jealouſie. *Ex.* Antonio.

Alb.

Alb. *Clarina*, why ſo cruel to my heart?
'Tis true, I love you, but with as chaſte an ardour,
As Souls departing pay the Deities;
When with inceſſant ſighs they haſte away,
And leave humanity behind; oh! ſo did I
Abandon all the leſſer joy of life,
For that of being permitted but t'adore ye;
Alas, if 'twere diſpleaſing to you,
Why did your ſelf encourage it?
I might have languiſh'd as I did before,
And hid thoſe crimes which make you hate me now:
—Oh I am loſt! *Antonio*, thou'ſt undone me; [*He riſes in rage.*
—Here me ungrate; I ſwear by all that's good,
I'le waſh away my miſchief with thy blood.
Iſab. *Antonio* hears you not Sir, for he's departed.
Iſm. Is *Antonio* gone?
[*She looks pertly up, who before lay half dead.*
Alb. How's this, has ſhe but feign'd?
Iſm. No, it was but feign'd; I hope this proof
Of what I've promis'd you, does not diſpleaſe you.
Alb. Am I thus fortunate, thus ſtrangely happy?
Iſm. Time will confirm it to you---go, do not
Now thank me for't, but ſeek *Antonio* out;
Perhaps, he may have too great a ſence of the
Miſchiefs his jealouſies had like to have caus'd;
But conjure him to take no notice of what's paſt to me;
This eaſie ſlight of mine ſecures our fears,
And ſerves to make *Antonio* confident:
Who now will unbelieve his eyes and ears?
And ſince before, when I was innocent,
He could ſuſpect my love and duty too;
I'le try what my diſſembling it will do:
—Go haſte.
Alb. Madam, I go ſurpriz'd with love and wonder. [*Ex.* Alb.
Iſm. You'l be more ſurpriz'd, when you know [*Aſide.*
That you are cheated too as well as *Antonio*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Curtius *disguis'd in a Black Perruque and Beard, with* Pietro *disguised also.*

Curt. Well, what hast thou learn'd?
Piet. News enough Sir, but none good;
That the Princes wounds are small,
So that he intends to take the Air this evening;
That he solicites *Laura* hard;
And, Sir, that you are proclaim'd Traytor.
Curt. So, what says the Messenger you sent to *Cloris*?
Piet. Sir, he brings sad tydings back.
Curt. What tydings? is she dead
That would revive my Soul,
And fortifie my easie nature with some wicked notions,
As deep as those this flattering Prince made use of,
When he betray'd my Sister; Prety *Cloris*:
—Come, speak it boldly, for nothing else
Will make me do her justice.
Piet. No Sir, she is not dead,
But fled, and none knows whether;
Only *Guilliam* attends her.
Curt. Worse and worse; but what of *Laura*?
Piet. She, Sir, is kept a Prisoner by her Father.
And speaks with none but those that come from *Frederick*.
Curt. *Laura* confin'd too; 'tis time to hasten then,
With my, till now, almost disarm'd revenge:
—Thus I may pass unknown the streets of *Florence*,
And find an opportunity to reach this Princes heart.
—Oh vengeance! luxurious vengeance,
Thy Pleasures turn a Rival to my love,
And make the mightier Conquest o're my heart.
—*Cloris*---I will revenge thy tears and sufferings;
And to secure the doom of him that wrong'd thee,
I'le call on injur'd *Laura* too.
—Here take these Pictures--- and where thou see'st
[*Gives him Boxes.*

A knot of Gallants, open one or two, as if by ſtealth,
To gaze upon the Beauties, and then ſtraight cloſe them—
But ſtay, here comes the only man
I could have wiſh'd for, he'le proclaim my buſineſs
Better then a Picture or a Trumpet. *They ſtand by.*
[Curtius *takes back the Pictures.*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Guilliam *dreſt in fineiſh Cloaths, but the ſame high-crown'd Hat.*

Lor. Did, ha, ha, ha, did ha, ha, ; did ever any
Mortal man behold ſuch a Figure as thou art now?
Well, I ſee 'tis a damnable thing not to
Be born a Gentleman; the Devil himſelf
Can never make thee truly jantee now:
—Come, come, come forward; theſe Cloaths become
Thee, as a Saddle does a Sow; why com'ſt thou not?
—Why— ha, ha, I hope thou haſt not [*He advances ſowerly looking.*
Hanſell'd thy new Breeches,
Thou look'ſt ſo filthily on't.

Gill. No, Sir, I hope, I have more manners then ſo;
But if I ſhould, 'tis not my fault;
For the neceſſary houſes are hard
To be met withal here at Court.

Lor. Very well Sirrah; you begin already to be
Witty with the Court; but I can tell you, it has as
Many neceſſary places in't, as any Court in Chriſtendom—
But what a Hat thou haſt?

Gill. Why Sir, though I ſay't, this is accounted of
In our Village; but I had another but now,
Which blew off in a high wind; and I never miſt it,
Till I had an occaſion to pluck it off to a young
Squire, they call a Lacque; and Fegs
I had none at all; and becauſe I would not loſe
My Leg for want of a Hat, I fetch'd this;
And I can tell you, Sir, it has a faſhionable brim.

Lor. A fools head of your own, has it not;
The boys will hoot at us as we paſs--- hah,

Who

Who be theſe, who be theſe— [*Goes towards* Curt. *and* Piet.

Curt. Here— this to *Don Alonſo*— this to the English Count; and this you may ſhow to the Young *German* Prince—and this— [*Gives* Piet. *Pictures.*
I will reſerve for higher Prices.

Piet. Will you ſhow none to the Courtiers, Sir?

Curt. Away you fool, I deal in no ſuch traſh.

Lor. How Sir, how was that? pray how came we to
Gain your diſ-favour?

Curt. I cry you mercy Sir, pray what are you?

Lor. A Courtier, Sir, I can aſſure you,
And one of the beſt rank too;
I have the Princes ear, Sir—
—What have you there—hah— Pictures, let me ſee—
What, are they to be bought?

Curt. Sir, they are Copies of moſt fair Originals,
Not to be bought, but hired.

Lor. Say you ſo Friend; the price, the price.

Curt. Five thouſand Crowns a month, Sir.

Lor. The price is ſomewhat ſaucy.

Curt. Sir, they be curious Pieces, were never blown upon,
Have never been in Courts, nor hardly Cities.

Lor. Upon my word that's conſiderable;
Friend, pray where do you live?

Curt. In the *Piazzo*, near the Palace.

Lor. Well, put up your ware, ſhow not a face of them
Till I return; for I will bring you
The beſt Chapman in all *Florence*,
Except the Duke himſelf.

Curt. You muſt be ſpeedy then,
For I to morrow ſhall be going towards *Rome*.

Lor. A ſubtle Raſcal this, thou think'ſt, I warrant,
To make a better Market amongſt the Cardinals;
—But take my word, ne're a Cardinal of them all
Comes near this man, I mean, to bring you in
Matters of Beauty—ſo, this will infalliably make [*Aſide.*
My peace again; look ye friend—
Be ready, for 'tis the Prince, the noble generous *Frederick*.

That

That I design your Merchant. [*Goes out.*

Curt. Your Servant Sir--- that is *Guilliam*,
I cannot be mistaken in him, go call him back,

[Pietro *fetches him back, who puts on a surly Face.*

—Friend what art thou?

Guil. What am I, why what am I; do'st thou not see
What I am; a Courtier Friend.

Curt. But what's thy name?

Guil. My name, I have not yet consider'd.

Curt. What was thy name?

Guil. What was my name?

Curt. Yes friend, thou had'st one.

Guil. Yes friend thou had'st one.

Curt. Dog, do'st ecchome? do'st thou repeat; [*shakes him.*
I say again, what is thy name?

Guil. Oh horrible--- why, Sir, it was *Guilliam*
When I was a silly Swain.

Curt. *Guilliam*--- the same;
Didst thou not know a Maid whose name was *Cloris*?

Guil. Yes, there was such a Maid,
But now she's none.

Curt. Was such a Maid; but now she's none:
—The slave upbraids my griefs. [*Aside.*

Guil. Yes, Sir, so I said:

Cur. So you said.

Guil. Why, yes Sir, what do you repeat?

Curt. What mean you Sirrah? have you a mind to
Have your Throat cut? tell me where she is.

Guil. I dare as well be hang'd;
Now must I devise a lie, or never look *Cloris* [*Aside.*
In the face more.

Curt. Here's Gold for thee; I will be secret too.

Guil. Oh, Sir, the poor Maid you speak of is dead!

Curt. Dead! where dy'd she? and how?

Guil. Now am I put to my wits; this 'tis to begin [*Aside.*
In sin, as our Curate said; I must go on:
—Why Sir, she came into the Wood, —and hard by a
River side--- she sigh'd, and she wept full sore;

And

And cry'd two or three times out upon *Curtius*,
——And ——then—— [*Howls.*
Curt. Poor *Cloris*, thy fate was too ſevere.
Guil. And then as I was ſaying, Sir,
She leapt into the River, and ſwam up the Stream. [Curt. *weeps.*
Piet. And why up the Stream friend?
Guil. Becauſe ſhe was a Woman— and that's all.
Curt. Farewel, and thank thee. [*Ex.* Guil.
---Poor *Cloris* dead, and baniſh'd too from *Laura*;
Was ever wretched Lovers fate like mine!
—And he who injures me, has power to do ſo;
—But why, where lies this power about this man?
Is it his charms of Beauty, or of Wit?
Or that great name he has acquir'd in War?
Is it the Majeſty, that Holy ſomething,
That guards the perſon of this Demi-god?
This aws not me, there muſt be ſomething more,
For ever when I call upon my wrongs;
Something within me pleads ſo kindly for him,
As would perſwade me that he could not erre.
—Ah, what is this? where lies this power divine,
That can ſo eaſily make a ſlave of mine? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. III.

Enter Frederick *and* Cloris *finely dreſt.*

Fred. 'Tis much methinks, a Boy of ſo dejected,
Humble birth, ſhould have ſo much of ſenſe,
And ſoul about him.
Clor. I know not that; but if I have a thought
Above that humble Birth or Education,
It was inſpir'd by Love.
Fred. Still you raiſe my wonder greater;
—Thou a Lover?
Clor. Yes, my Lord, though I am young,
I've felt the power of Beauty;
And ſhould you look upon the object, Sir,

Your

Your wonders ſoon would ceaſe,
Each look does even Animate Inſenſibles,
And ſtrikes a reverend awe upon the Soul;
Nothing is found ſo lovely.
Fred. Thou ſpeak'ſt prettily, I think love
Indeed has inſpir'd thee.
Clor. Theſe were the flatteries, Sir, ſhe us'd to me,
Of her it was I learn'd to ſpeak, and ſigh,
And look, as oft you ſay, I do on you.
Fred. Why then, it ſeems ſhe made returns?
Clor. Ah! Sir, 'twas I that firſt was bleſt,
I firſt the happy object was belov'd,
For 'twas a perſon, Sir, ſo much above me;
It had been ſin to've rais'd my eyes to her;
Or by a glance, or ſigh, betray my pain:
But oh! when with a thouſand ſoft expreſſions,
She did incourage me to ſpeak of Love!
—My god, how ſoon extravagant I grew,
And told ſo oft the ſtory of my paſſion;
That ſhe grew weary of the repeated tale,
And puniſh'd my preſumption with a ſtrange neglect. [*Weeps.*
Fred. How my good Phillibert?
Clor. Would ſuffer me to ſee her face no more.
Fred. That was pity; without a fault?
Clor. Alas, Sir, I was guilty of no crime,
But that of having told her how I lov'd her;
For all I had I ſacrific'd to her;
—Poor worthleſs treaſures, to any but a Lover;
And ſuch you know accept the meaneſt things:
Love and a true Devotion, do preſent;
When ſhe was preſent, I found a thouſand ways
To let her know how much I was her ſlave;
And abſent ſtill invented new ones,
And quite neglected all my little buſineſs;
Counting the tedious moments of the day
By ſighs and tears; thought it an age to night,
Whoſe darkneſs might ſecure our happy meeting:
But we ſhall meet no more on theſe kind terms. [*Sighs.*

Fred. Come, do not weep, ſweet youth, thou art too young
To have thy blooming cheeks blaſted with ſorrow;
Thou wilt out-grow this childiſh inclination,
And ſhalt ſee beauties here, whoſe every glance
Kindles new fires, and quite expel the old.
Clor. Oh never Sir.
Fred. When I was firſt in Love, I thought ſo too,
But now with equal ardour,
I doat upon each new and beauteous object.
Clor. And quite forget the old?
Fred. Not ſo, but when I ſee them o're again,
I find I love them as I did before.
Clor. Oh God forbid, I ſhould be ſo inconſiſtant;
No, Sir, though ſhe be falſe ſhe has my heart,
And I can dye, but not redeem the victim.
Fred. Away you little Fool, you make me ſad
By this reſolve, but I'le inſtruct you better.
Clor. I would not make you ſad for all the world:
Sir, I will Sing, or Dance, do any thing
That may divert you.
Fred. I thank thee Phillibert, and will accept
Thy bounty; perhaps it may allay thy griefs a while too.
Clor. I'le call the Muſick, Sir. [*She goes out.*
Fred. This Boy has ſtrange agreements in him.

Enter Cloris *with Muſick,*
She bids them Play, and Dances a Jig.

This was wondrous kind my prety Phillibert.

Enter Page.

Page. Lorenzo, my Lord, begs admittance.
Fred. He may come in:

Enter Lorenzo.

—Well *Lorenzo*, whats the news with thee?
—How goes the price of Beauty, hah?
Lor. My Lord, that queſtion is a propo to
What I have to ſay; this paper will anſwer your
Queſtion Sir---- [*Gives him a Paper, he reads.*
—Hah,

----Hah, I vow to gad a lovely youth; Lor. *gazes on* Phill.
But what makes he here with *Frederick*?
This ſtripling may chance to mar my market of women now—
'Tis a fine lad, how plump and white he is; [*Aſide.*
Would I could meet him ſome where i'th dark,
I'de have a fling at him, and try whether I
Were right *Florentine.*

Fred. Well, Sir, where be theſe beauties.

Lor. I'le conduct you to them.

Fred. What's the fellow that brings them?

Lor. A *Grecian*, I think, or ſomething.

Fred. Beauties from *Greece*, man!

Lor. Why, let them be from the Devil,
So they be new, and fine, what need we care;
—But you muſt go to night.

Fred. I am not in a very good condition
To make viſits of that kind.

Lor. However ſee them, and if you like them,
You may oblige the fellow to a longer ſtay,
For I know they are handſome.

Fred. That's the only thing thou art judge of;
—Well go you and prepare them,
And Phillibert thou ſhalt along with me;
I'le have thy judgment too.

Clor. Good Heaven, how falſe he is! [*Aſide.*

Lor. What time will your Highneſs come?

Fred. Two hours hence. [*Ex.* Fred.

Lor. So then I ſhall have time to have a bout
With this gilting huſwife *Iſabella*, [*Aſide.*
For my fingers itch to be at her. [*Ex.* Lorenzo.

Clor. Not know me yet; cannot this face inform him,
My ſighs, nor eyes, my accent, nor my tale;
Had he one thought of me, he muſt have found me out;
—Yes, yes, 'tis certain I am miſerable;
He's going now to ſee ſome freſher beauties,
And I, he ſays, muſt be a witneſs of it;
This gives me wounds, painful as thoſe of Love:
Some women now would find a thouſand Plots

From ſo much grief as I have, but I'm dull;
Yet I'le to *Laura*, and adviſe with her,
Where I will tell her ſuch a heavy a tale,
As ſhall oblige her to a kind concern:
—This may do; I'le tell her of this thought,
This is the firſt of Art I ever thought on;
And if this prove a fruitleſs remedy,
The next, I need not ſtudy, how to dye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Lorenzo, *meets* Guilliam, *who paſſes by him, and takes no notice of him.*

Lor. How now Manners a few?
Guil. I cry you heartily, Sir, I did not ſee you.
Lor. Well, Sirrah, the news.
Guil. Sir, the Gentlewoman whom you ſent me to ſays,
That's he'le meet you here.
Lor. That's well, thou may'ſt come to be a States-man
In time, thou art a fellow of ſo quick diſpatch:
But harky, Sirrah, there are a few leſſons I muſt learn you,
Concerning offices of this nature;
But another time for that: but— [*Whiſpers.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Vallet.

Iſab. Here he is, and prethee when thou ſeeſt him in
My chamber, go and tell my Lord,
Under pretence of the care you have of the honour of his Houſe.
Val. I warrant you, let me alone for a tale,
And a lye at the end on't; which ſhall not over much
Incenſe him, nor yet make him neglect coming. [*Ex.* Val.
Lor. Oh are you there Miſtreſs; what have you now
To ſay for your laſt nights roguery?
Are not you a baggage? confeſs.
Iſab. You have a mind to looſe your opportunity again,
As you did laſt night, have ye not?
Pray God your own ſhadow ſcare you not,
As it did then; and you will poſſibly believe

No

No body meant you harm then, nor now.
Lor. Art thou in earneſt?
Iſab. Are you in earneſt?
Lor. Yes that I am, and that *Clarina* ſhall find
If I once come to her.
Iſab. Come, leave your frippery jeſts and come in.
Lor. Guilliam, be ſure you attend me here,
And who ever you ſee, ſay nothing; the beſt on't is,
Thou art not much known. [Iſab. *and* Lor. *go in.*
Guil. Well, I ſee there is nothing but ſoutering
I'th this Town; wo'd our *Lucia* were here too for me,
For all the Maids I meet with are ſo gigliſh
And ſcornful, that a man, as I am,
Gets nothing but flouts and flings from them:
Oh for the little kind Laſs that lives
Under the Hill, of whom the Song was made;
Which becauſe I have nothing elſe to do,
I will ſing over now; hum, hum, [*To ſome Tune like him.*

The Song for Guilliam.

In a Cottage by the Mountain,
Lives a very prety Maid,
Who lay ſleeping by a Fountain,
Underneath a Mirtle ſhade;
Her Petticoat of wanton Sarcenet,
The Amorous wind about did move,
And quite unveil'd,
And quite unveil'd the Throne of Love,
And quite unveil'd the Throne of Love.

'Tis ſomething cold, I'le go take a Niperkin of Wine. [*Goes out.*

Enter Iſab. *and* Lor. *above, as frighted into the Balcone.*
Lor. This was ſome trick of thine, I will be hang'd elſe.
Iſab. Oh, I'le be ſworn you wrong me;
Alas, I'm undone by't. [Ant. *at the door knocks.*
Ant. Open the door thou naughty woman.
Lor. Oh oh, what ſhall I do? what ſhall I do?
Ant. Open the door I ſay.

Lor.

Lor. Oh 'tis a damnable leap out at this Balcone.
Iſab. And yet you are a dead man if you ſee him.
Ant. Impudence, will you open the door?
Iſab. I will, Sir, immediately.
Lor. Deviſe ſome way to let me down,
Or I will throw thee out; no lader of Ropes, no device?
---If a man would not forſwear whoring for the future,
That is in my condition, I am no true Gentleman.
Ant. Open, or I will break the door.
Iſab. Hold the door, and ſwear luſtily that you
Are my Husband, and I will in the mean time
Provide for your ſafety, [*He holds the door.*
Though I can think of none but the ſheets from the bed.
Lor. Any thing to ſave my life;
---Sir you may believe me upon my honour,
I am lawful husband to *Iſabella*;
And have no deſigns upon your houſe or honour.
Iſab. *this while faſtens the ſheets, which are to be ſuppoſed from the bed, to the Balcone.*
Ant. Thou art ſome Villain.
Lor. No, Sir, I am an honeſt man, and married lawfully.
Ant. Who art thou?
Lor. Haſt thou done?
Iſab. Yes, but you muſt venture hard.
Iſab. 'Tis *Lorenzo*, Sir.
Lor. A Pox on her, now am I aſham'd to all eternity.
Iſab. Sir, let me beg you'l take his word and oath to night,
And to morrow I will ſatisfie you. [Lor. *gets down by the ſheets.*
Ant. Look you make this good,
Or you ſhall both dearly pay for't.
Lor. Iam alive, yes, yes, all's whole and ſound,
Which is a mercy, I can tell you;
This is whoring now: may I turn *Franciſcan*,
If I could not find in my heart to do penance
In Camphire Poſſet, this month for this:
—Well, I muſt to this Merchant of Love,
And I would gladly be there before the Prince:
For ſince I have miſt here,

I ſhall be Amorous enough,
And then I'le provide for *Frederick*;
For 'tis but juſt, although he be my Maſter,
That I in theſe Ragouſts ſhould be his taſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Iſmena *with a veil.*

Iſm. Alberto is not come yet; ſure he loves me;
But 'tis not tears, and knees, that can confirm me;
No, I muſt be convinc'd by better argument,
---Deceit, if ever thou a guide wer't made
To Amorous hearts, aſſiſt a Love-ſick Maid.

Enter Alberto.

Alb. Your pleaſure, Madam?
—Oh that ſhe would be brief,
And ſend me quickly from her, [*Aſide.*
For her eyes will overthrow my purpoſe.

Iſm. Alberto, do you love me?

Alb. No.

Iſm. No, have you deceiv'd me then?

Alb. Neither *Clarina*; when I told you ſo,
By Heaven 'twas perfect truth.

Iſm. And what have I done ſince ſhould
Merit your diſ-eſteem?

Alb. Nothing but what has rais'd it.

Iſm. To raiſe your eſteem, then it ſeems, is
To leſſen your love; or as moſt gallants are;
You're but pleas'd with what you have not;
And love a Miſtriſs with great paſſion, till you find
Your ſelf belov'd again, and then you hate her.

Alb. You wrong my Soul extremely,
'Tis not of that ungrateful nature;
To love me, is to me a greater charm
Then that of Wit or Beauty.

Iſm. I'me glad on't Sir, then I have pleaſant news for you,
I know a Lady, and a Virgin too,

That

That loves you with ſuch paſſion,
As has oblig'd me to become her Advocate.
Alb. I am very much oblig'd to her,
If there be any ſuch.
Iſm. Upon my life there is; I am in earneſt,
The Lady is my Siſter too.
Alb. How, *Clarina*, this from you?
Iſm. Nay, I have promis'd her, that you ſhall love her too,
Since both her birth and beauty merits you.
Alb. Away falſe woman: I love your Siſter!
No, I will hate ye both.
Iſm. Why ſo angry?
Alas, it is againſt my will I do it.
Alb. Did you betray my faith, when 'twas ſo eaſie
To give a credit to your tale of Love?
—Oh woman, faithleſs woman!
Iſm. *Alberto*, with a world of ſhame I own
That I then lov'd you, and muſt do ſo ſtill;
But ſince that Love muſt be accounted criminal,
And that a world of danger do's attend it;
I am reſolv'd, though I can never quit it,
To change it into kind eſteem for you;
And would Ally you, Sir, as near to me,
As our unkind Stars will permit me.
Alb. I thank you, Madam, oh what a ſhame it is
To be out-done in Vertue, as in Love!
Iſm. Another favour I muſt beg of you,
That you will tell *Antonio* what is paſt.
Alb. How mean you Madam?
Iſm. Why, that I Love you Sir,
And how I have deceiv'd him into confidence.
Alb. This is ſtrange; you cannot mean it ſure.
Iſm. When I intend to be extremely good,
I would not have a ſecret ſin within,
Though old, and yet repented too; no Sir,
Confeſſion always goes with Penitence.
Alb. Do you repent you that you lov'd me then?
Iſm. Not ſo; but that I did abuſe *Antonio*.

Alb.

Alb. And can you think that this will cure his jealousie?

Ism. Doubtless it will, when he knows how needless 'twas;
For when they're most secure, they're most betray'd:
Besides, I did but act the part he made,
And ills he forces sure, he'le not upbraid. Go seek out *Antonio*.

Alb. You have o'recome me, Madam, every way,
And this your last command I can obey;
Your Sister too I'le see, and will esteem,
But you've my heart, which I can ne're redeem. [*Exit severally.*

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Enter Laura *and* Cloris *like a Boy as before.*

Laur. FOrward dear *Cloris*.

Clor. And, Madam, 'twas upon a Holy-day,
It chanc'd Prince *Frederick* came unto our Village,
On some reports were made him of my beauty,
Attended only by the noble *Curtius*;
They found me in the Church at my Devotion,
Whom *Frederick* soon distinguish'd from the rest;
He kneel'd down by me, and instead of Prayer,
He fell to Praise; but 'twas my beauty only;
—That I could tell you, of my strange surprise!
My zeal was all disorder'd, and my eyes,
Fed on the false, not real sacrifice;
—I wanted Art my sentiments to hide,
Which from my eyes and blushes soon he spy'd.

Lau. And did you know him then?

Clor. Not till he left me;
—But to be short, Madam, we parted there,
But e're he went, he whisper'd in my ear,
And sigh'd, ah *Cloris*! e're you do depart,
Tell me, where 'tis you will dispose my heart?
—Pray give me leave to visit it again,

Your eyes that gave, can only ease my pain:
I, only blushing gave him my consent;
He paid his thanks in sighs, and from me went.
That night, alas, I took but little rest;
The new and strange disorder in my breast,
Can, Madam, only by your self be guest.

Lau. I'le not deny that, I'me a Lover too,
And can imagine what was felt by you.

Clor. No sooner did the welcom day appear,
But *Lucia* brought me word the Prince was there;
His very name disorder'd me much more,
Then did his sight or touch the day before;
So soon my rising Love grew up to power;
So soon he did become my Conquerour:
—How pale and trembling, when he did appear
I grew, he too had marks of love and fear;
—But I'le omit the many visits paid,
The unvalued Presents, and the Oaths he made,
My kind disputes on all his letters writ,
How all my doubts were answer'd by his wit;
How oft he vow'd to marry me, whilst I,
Durst not believe the pleasing perjury;
—And only tell you, that one night he came,
Led by designs of an impatient flame;
When all the house was silently asleep,
Except my self, who loves sad watch did keep;
Arm'd with his Ponyard, and his breast all bare;
His face all pale with restless love and fear;
So many wild and frantick things he said,
And so much grief and passion too betray'd,
So often vow'd hee'd finish there his life,
If I refus'd him to become his Wife;
That I half dying, said it should be so;
Which though I fear'd, oh how I wisht it too!
Both prostrate on the ground i'th' face of Heaven,
His vows to me, and mine to him were given;
—And then, oh then, what did I not resign!

With

With the assurance that the Prince was mine. [*weeps.*

Lau. Poor *Cloris*, how I pity thee!
Since fate has treated me with equal rigour;
—*Curtius* baniſh'd, *Frederick* ſtill purſues me,
And by a cruel Father I'me confin'd,
And cannot go to ſerve my ſelf or thee. [*One knocks.*

Lor. Without.] Siſter *Laura*, Siſter.

Lau. 't it my brother, would he would be kind
And ſet us free; he ſhall not ſee thee,
And I'le perſwade him.

[*As ſhe puts* Cloris *into her Cloſet, Enter* Lor. *with a Letter.*

Clor. Hah, locking her Cloſet! now were I a right *Italian*, ſhould I grow jealous, and enrag'd at
I know not what: hah Siſter!
What are you doing here?
Open your Cabinet and let me ſee't.

Lau. Sir, 'tis in diſorder, and not worth your ſeeing now.

Lor. 'Tis ſo, I care not for that, I'le ſee't.

Lau. Pray do not brother.

Lor. Your denial makes me the more inquiſitive.

Lau. 'Tis but my ſaying, he came from the Prince; [*Aſide.*
And he dares not take it ill —here Sir. [*Gives him the Key.*

Lor. And here's for you too: a Letter from *Curtius*,
And therefore I would not open it; I took it up
At the Poſt-houſe. [*She reads, and ſeems pleaſed.*
Now if this ſhould prove ſome ſurly Gallant of her's,
And give me a ſlaſh o're the face for peeping,
I were but rightly ſerv'd;
And why the Devil ſhould I expect my Siſter ſhould
Have more vertue then my ſelf;
She's the ſame fleſh and blood; or why, becauſe
She's the weaker Veſſel;
Should all the unreaſonable burthen of the honour
Of our houſe, as they call it,
Be laid on her ſhoulders, whilſt we may commit
A thouſand villanies; but 'tis ſo——
Here open the door,

I'le put her before me however. [*She opens the door and brings out* Cloris.

Lau. Sir, 'tis Phillibert from the Prince.

Lor. Why how now youngſter, I ſee you intend
To thrive by your many trades;
So ſoon, ſo ſoon, ifaith; but firrah,
This is my Siſter and your Princes Miſtreſs,
Take notice of that.

Clor. I know not what you mean.

Lor. Sir, you cannot deceive me ſo;
And you were right ſerv'd, you would be made fit
For nothing but the great *Turks ſeraglio.*

Clor. You miſtake my buſineſs Sir.

Lor. Your bluſhes give you the lye Sirrah;
But for the Princes ſake, and another reaſon I have,
I will pardon you for once.

Lau. He has not done a fault, and needs it not.

Lor. Was he not alone with thee?
And is not that enough: well I ſee I am no *Italian*
In Punctilioes of honourable revenge;
There is but one experiment left to prove my ſelf ſo;
And if that fail, I'le ev'n renounce my Country.
—Boy, harkey—there is a certain kindneſs
You may do me, and get your pardon for being found here.

Clor. You ſhall command me any thing.

Lor. Prethee how long haſt thou been ſet up for thy ſelf,
Hah?

Clor. As how Sir?

Lor. Poh, thou underſtand'ſt me.

Clor. Indeed I do not Sir, what is't you mean?

Lor. A ſmooth fac'd Boy, and ask ſuch a queſtion,
Fie, fie, this ignorance was ill counterfeited
To me that underſtand the world.

Clor. Explain your ſelf Sir.

Lor. Look, ten or twenty Piſtols will do you
No hurt, will it?

Clor. Not any Sir.

Lor. Why ſo; 'tis well any thing will make thee
Apprehend.

Clor.

Clor. I ſhall be glad to ſerve you, Sir, without that fee.

Lor. That's kindly ſaid—
I ſee a man muſt not be too eaſie of belief: had I been ſo,
This Boy would have been at what do ye mean Sir;
And Lord I underſtand you not:
Well Phillebert, here's earneſt to bind the bargain;
I am now in haſt, when I ſee thee next, [Loren. *Whiſpers*
I'le tell thee more. *to* Laura.

Clo. This 'tis to be a Favourite now;
I warrant you I muſt do him ſome good office to the Prince,
Which I'le be ſure to do.

Lor. Nay it muſt be done, for ſhe has us'd me baſely,
Oh 'tis a baggage.

Lau. Let me alone to revenge you on *Iſabella*,
Get me but from this Impriſonment.

Lor. I will; whilſt I hold the old man in a diſpute,
Do you two get away; but be ſure thou pay'ſt her home.

Lau. I warrant you, Sir, this was happy;
Now ſhall I ſee *Curtius*.

Lor. Phillibert, I adviſe you to have a care of
Wenching: 'twill ſpoil a good face,
And mar your better market of the two. [*Ex.* Lor.

Lau. Come let us haſt, and by the way, I'le tell thee
Of a means that may make us all happy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Alberto *Melancholy*.

Alb. *Antonio* ſaid he would be here,
I'me impatient till he come.—

Enter Antonio.

Ant. *Alberto*, I have ſuch a project for thee!

Alb. Hah—— [*Gazes.*

Ant. What ails thee, art thou well?

Alb. No.

Ant. Where art thou Sick?

Alb. At heart *Antonio*; poyſon'd by thy jealouſie;

Oh

—Oh thou haſt ruin'd me, undone my quiet,
And from a man of reaſonable vertue,
Has brought me to a wild diſtracted Lover.

Ant. Explain your ſelf.

Alb. Thou'ſt taught me, friend, to love *Clarina*;
Not as I promis'd thee to feign, but ſo,
That I, unleſs I do poſſeſs that object,
I think muſt dye; at beſt be miſerable.

Ant. How Sir, have I done this?

Alb. Yes *Antonio*, thou haſt done this.

Ant. My dear *Alberto*; ſaid you that you lov'd her?

Alb. Yes, *Antonio*, againſt my will I do;
As much againſt my will, as when I told her ſo;
Urg'd by thy needleſs ſtratagem.

Ant. Name it no more, it was an idle fault,
Which I do ſo repent me,
That if you find I ſhould relapſe again,
Kill me, and let me periſh with my weakneſs:
And were that true you tell me of your paſſion,
Sure I ſhould wiſh to dye, to make you happy.

Alb. That's kindly ſaid, and I ſubmit to you,
And am content to be out-done in Amity.

Ant. Yes, I'le reſign my claims, and leave the world;
Alberto, 'tis unkind to think I would be happy
By ways muſt ruine you;
But ſure you tell me this but only to afflict me.

Alb. 'Tis truth *Antonio*, I do love *Clarina*;
And what is yet far worſe for thy repoſe,
Believe my ſelf ſo bleſt to be belov'd.

Ant. How, to be belov'd by her!
—Oh dire effects of jealouſie! —

Alb. All that you ſaw to day was only feign'd,
To let you ſee, that even your eyes and ears
Might be impos'd upon.

Ant. Can it be poſſible!

Alb. And now ſhe thinks ſhe is enough reveng'd;
And lets you know in her feign'd ſcorn to me,
That all your ſleights and cunnings are but vain;

She

She has deceiv'd them all, and by that Art,
Gives you a confidence, and me a heart.
Ant. I must confess it is but just in her
To punish thus the errors of my fear;
I do forgive her, from my Soul I do.
—But, Sir, what satisfaction's this to you?
Alb. *Clarina* happy, I'le from Court retire,
And by that absence quench my hopeless fire;
War, I will make my Mistress; who may be,
Perhaps more kind then she has been to me;
Where though I cannot conquer, 'twil allow
That I may dye; that's more then this will do.
Ant. —Why did you, Sir, betray my weakness to her?
Though 'twas but what I did deserve from you.
Alb. By all that's good she knew the plot before,
From *Isabella*, who it seems o're heard us,
When you once prest me to't:
And had we wanted vertue, thou'dst been lost.
Ant. I own the Crime;
And first I beg thy Pardon,
And after that, will get it from *Clarina*;
Which done, I'le wait upon thee to the Camp,
And suffer one years Penance for this sin,
Unless I could divert this resolution,
By a proposal *Clarina* bid me make you.
Alb. What was it Sir?
Ant. I have a Sister, Friend, a handsom Virgin,
Rich, witty, and I think she's vertuous too;
Return'd last week from St. *Terettas* Monastery.
Alb. Sure any thing that is to thee Alli'd,
Must find a more then bare respect from me;
But it is certain I ne're shall Love again,
And have resolv'd never to Marry any,
Where Interest, and not Love must joyn our hands.
Ant. You cannot tell what power there lies in beauty;
Come you shall see her, and if after that,
You find you cannot love her,
We'le both to *Candia*, where we both will prove

Rivals in Honour, as we're now in Love:
—But I'de forgot to tell thee what I came for;
I muſt this evening beg your company,
Nay, and perhaps your Sword; come along with me,
And by the way I'le tell you the adventure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. III.

The Lodgings of Curtius.

Enter Curtius *and* Pietro *diſguiſed as before.*

Curt. I wonder we hear no news yet of the Prince,
I hope he'le come; *Pietro* be the Bravo's ready,
And the Curtizans?
Piet. My Lord, they'l be here immediately, all well dreſt too
Curt. They be thoſe Bravo's that did belong to me?
Piet. Yes, Sir, the ſame;
But *Antonio* is their Patron.
Curt. They be ſtout and ſecret; 'tis well,
Is the Muſick and all things ready?
For I'le not be ſeen till my part is to be play'd;
Piet. What Arms have they?
Piſtols Sir, would you have other?
Curt. No, I have not yet conſider'd how to kill him.
Nor ſcarce reſolv'd to do ſo any way;
What makes this ſtrange irreſolution in me?
—Sure 'tis the force of ſacred Amity,
Which but too ſtrictly was obſerv'd by me:
—My Prince, and Friend, my Wife and Siſter too;
Shall not thoſe laſt, the powerful firſt out-do:
My Honour and my Love are there ingag'd,
And here, by tyes of duty, I'me oblig'd:
I ſatisfie but theſe, if he muſt bleed;
But ruine the whole Dukedom in the deed,
The hopeful Heir of all their noble ſpoils,
And joy and recompence of all their toyls.
—Why ſo was *Cloris*, *Laura* too, to me,

Which

Which both were raviſht from me, Prince, by thee. [*Knock within.*

Piet. Sir, they be the Bravo's and Curtezans. [Piet. *Goes out.*

Curt. 'Tis well, I need not talk with them,
They underſtand their work.

Piet. They do my Lord, and ſhall be ready at your ſtamp;
They are all Neopolitans you know Sir,

Curt. Are they the better for that?

Piet. Much Sir, a *Venetian* will turn to your enemy,
If he will give him but a Souſe more then you have done;
And your *Millanoiſe* are fit for nothing but to
Rob the Poſt or Carrier; a *Genoueſe* too,
Will ſooner kill by Uſury, then Sword or Piſtol;
A *Roman* fit for nothing but a ſpy.

Curt. Well, Sir, you are pleaſant with my Countrymen.

Piet. I'le be ſo with my own too Sir; and tell you,
That a *Maltan*, who pretends to ſo much honour
And gravity, are fit only to rob their neighbours
With pretence of Piety.
—And a *Cicilian* ſo taken up with Plots,
How to kill his Vice-Roy, that it keeps them
From being Rogues to a leſs degree;
But I have done, Sir, and beg your perdon.

Curt. Did'ſt leave the Letter, I commanded thee,
For *Laura*?

Piet. I did my Lord. *Enter* Lorenzo.

Lor. Well, here's the Prince juſt coming.

Curt. Pray Sir conduct him in,
I'me ready for him. *Ex.* Curt. *and* Piet.

Enter the Prince, *conducted by two Women in Maſquerade, with Lights, he endeavouring to take off their Masks.* } *Ex. two Women.*
He walks about while this Song is Singing.

What is the recompence of War,
But ſoft as wanton Peace?
What the beſt Balſom to our ſcars?
But that which Venus *gave to* Mars,
When he was circled in a kind embrace.

Behold a Prince who never yet,
Was vanquiſht in the Field;
A while his Glories muſt forget,
And lay his Laurels at the feet
Of ſome fair Femal power, to whom he'le yield.

Fred. What's this the preparation?
Lor. Yes, ſo it ſhould ſeem; but had you met
With ſo many defeats as I have done to night,
You would willingly excuſe this Ceremony.

Muſick for the Dance.

Enter Antonio *with* Iſmena, Alberto *with* Clarina, Laura *and* Cloris *with two men more, and all dreſt in Maſquerade with vizards; they Dance. The Prince ſets down, the Dance being done, they retire to one ſide; and* Alberto *comes and preſents him* Clarina; *and bows and retires; who puts off her Mask; and puts it on again and retires.*

Fred. She's wondrous fair;
Sure in his whole Cabal he cannot ſhow a fairer—
Lor. She reſembles *Clarina*; I wiſh your Highneſs
Would ſee further; and then perhaps, this would
Fall to my lot, for I love her for likeneſs ſake.
[Antonio *preſents* Iſmena, *and retires as the other.*
Fred. This I confeſs out-does the others,
An Innocency dwells upon her face,
That's ſtrangely taking, is it not *Lorenzo*?
Lor. To ſay truth, ſhe is very fine indeed. [*They preſent* Laura.
Fred. Hah! I am amaz'd; ſee *Lorenzo*,
Doſt thou not know that face?
Lor. A my conſcience and ſoul 'tis my own Siſter *Laura*;
Why how now Miſtreſs,
Do things go thus with you ifaith?
[*She ſhakes her hand as not underſtanding him.*
Ant. Sir, ſhe underſtands you not.
Lor. Is it not *Laura* then?
Ant. No Sir, it is a ſtranger.

Fred.

Fred. Let her be what ſhe will, I'le have her.
[Fred. *ſeems to talk when ſhe anſwers in Grimaſſes.*

Lor. There have been examples in the world
Of the good offices done by a Brother to a Siſter;
But they are very rare here,
And therefore will ſurely be the more acceptable;
Well Sir, have you fix'd, that I may chuſe?

Fred. I have, and had he thouſands more, [Lor. *goes to* Clar.
I would refuſe them all for this fair Creature.

Enter Pietro.

Piet. Sir, all things are ready as you deſire,
But my Maſter muſt firſt ſpeak with you alone.

Fred. About the price I'le warrant you;
Let him come in; [*All go out but* Fred. *to him* Curt.
—Are you the Maſter of the Ceremony?

Curt. I am.

Fred. Be ſpeedy then, and by my impatiency
To be with that agreeable ſtranger, gueſs at my
Approbation of the Ladies, and which I chuſe.

Curt. Your mighty heat, Sir, will be ſoon allay'd.

Fred. Shall it?

Curt. Yes Sir, it ſhall, for you muſt dye.

Fred. Sure thou art mad to tell me ſo, who e're thou be'ſt,
Whilſt I have this about me. [*Draws.*

Curt. That, Sir, you draw in vain; ſtand off— [*Offers a Piſtol.*

Fred. What new conceited preparation's this?

Curt. Sir, when you know this face, it will inform you.
[*Pulls off his falſe Beard.*

Fred. Curtius! I am betray'd, oh villain! [*Offers to fight.*

Curt. Ho within there—
[*He calls, and all the Maſked men come out, and offer the Piſtols at* Frederick.

Fred. Hold, I am the Prince of *Florence.*

Curt. Theſe, Sir, are Rogues, and have no ſence of ought,
But miſchief in their Souls;
Gold is their Prince and God,—go, begon— [*They withdraw.*
—See, Sir, I can command them.

Fred. Curtius, why doſt thou deal thus treacherouſly with me?

Did I not offer thee to fight thee fairly?
Curt. 'Tis like the injuries, Sir, that you have done me;
Pardon me if my griefs make me too rude,
And in course terms lay all your sins before you.
—First, Sir, you have debauch'd my Lovely Sister,
The only one I had;
The hope and care of all our Noble Family;
Thou Prince didst ravish all her vertue from her,
And left her nothing but a desperate sense of shame,
Which only serv'd to do her self that justice,
Which I had executed, had she not prevented me.
Fred. In this, upon my Soul, you do me wrong.
Curt. Next, (oh how unlike a brave and generous Man,)
Without a cause, you cast me from your bosom;
Withdrew the Honour of your promis'd friendship,
And made me partner in my Sisters fate;
Only with this difference, that she
You left to act a Murther on her self;
And mine you would have been so kind to've done
With your own hand, but my respect prevented it.
—Next, Sir, you ravisht *Laura* from me,
And under a pretence of sacred friendship,
You prov'd your self the worst of Enemies;
And that's a crime you dare not say was Ignorance,
As you perhaps will plead, your sin to *Cloris* was.
Fred. *Cloris*, why what hast thou to do with *Cloris*?
Curt. She was my Sister, *Frederick*.
Fred. Thy Sister.
Curt. Yes, think of it well,
A Lady of as pure and noble blood,
As that of the great Duke thy Father,
Till you, bad man, infected it;
—Say should I Murther you for this base action;
Would you not call it a true Sacrifice?
And would not Heaven and Earth forgive it too?
Fred. No, had I known that she had been thy Sister,
I had receiv'd her as a gift from Heaven,
And so I would do still.

Curt.

Curt. She muſt be ſent indeed from Heaven,
If you receive her now.
Fred. Is *Cloris* dead? oh how I was to blame! [*Weeps.*
—Here thou may'ſt finiſh now the life thou threatn'ſt.
Curt. Now Sir, you know my juſtice and my power;
Yet ſince my Prince can ſhed a tear for *Cloris*,
I can forgive him,—here Sir,—ſend me to *Cloris*;
[*Kneels and offers his Sword.*
That mercy poſſibly will redeem the reſt,
Of all the wrongs you've done me;
And you ſhall find nothing but ſorrow here,
And a poor broken heart that did adore you.
Fred. Riſe *Curtius*, and divide my Dukedom with me;
Do any thing that may preſerve thy life,
And gain my Pardon; alas thy Honour's ſafe.
Since yet none knows that *Cloris* was thy Siſter,
Or if they do, I muſt proclaim this truth;
She dy'd thy Princes Wife.
Curt. This tydings would be welcom to my Siſter,
And I the fitting'ſt man to bear that news.
[*Offers to ſtab himſelf, is held by* Fred. Laur. *and* Clor. *who come in with* Iſab. *dreſſed like* Phillibert, *and the reſt.*
Lau. Stay *Curtius*, and take me with thee in the way.
Curt. *Laura*, my deareſt *Laura*! how came you hither?
Lau. Commanded by your Letter; have you forgot it?
Fred. *Curtius*, look here, is not this *Cloris* face?
Curt. The ſame; oh my ſweet Siſter, is it thee?
[Curt. *goes to imbrace her, ſhe goes back.*
Fred. Do not be ſhye my ſoul, it is thy Brother.
Curt. Yes, a brother who deſpis'd his life,
When he believ'd your's loſt or ſham'd;
But now the Prince will take a care of it.
Clor. May I believe my ſoul ſo truly bleſt?
Fred. Yes *Cloris*, and thus low I beg thy pardon, [*Kneels.*
For all the fears that I have made thee ſuffer.
Enter all the reſt; firſt Ant. *and* Alb. *without their Viſors.*
Clor. Riſe, Sir, it is my duty and my glory.
Alb. Sir we have pardons too to beg of you.

Fred.

Fred. *Antonio* and *Alberto*, what turn'd Bravo's?

Curt. I am amaz'd.

Ant. You'l ceaſe your wonder Sir, when you ſhall know,
—Thoſe Braves which formerly belong'd to you,
Are now maintain'd by me; which *Pietro* hir'd
For this nights ſervice; and from them we learnt
What was to be done, (though not on whom)
But that we gueſt, and thought it but our duty
To put this cheat on *Curtius*;
Which had we ſeen had been reſolv'd to kill you;
Had been by us prevented;
The Ladies too would needs be Curtezans
To ſerve your Highneſs.

Fred. I'me much oblig'd to them, as you;
—*Cloris*, a while I'le leave thee with thy Brother,
Till I have reconcil'd thee to my Father;
To Marry me, is what he long has wiſh't for,
And will, I know, receive this news with joy. [*Ex.* Prince.

Lor. Here's fine doings; what am I like to come to if he
Turn honeſt now? this is the worſt piece of inconſtancy
He ever was guilty of; to change ones humour, or ſo,
Sometimes is nothing; but to change nature,
To turn good on a ſudden, and never give a man
Civil warning, is a defeat not to be endur'd;
I'le ſee the end on't though. [*Goes out.*

Alb. Here *Antonio*—imagine how I love thee,
Who make thee ſuch a Preſent.

[*Gives him* Clarina, *who is dreſt juſt as* Iſmena *was, and* Iſmena *in Maſquing habit.*

Ant. *Clarina*, can you pardon my offence,
And bleſs me with that Love,
You have but juſtly taken from me.

Clar. You wrong me, Sir, I ne're withdrew my heart;
Though you, but too unkindly, did your confidence.

Ant. Do not upbraid me, that I was ſo to blame,
Is ſhame enough; pray pardon, and forget it.

Clar. I do.

Ant. *Alberto*, to ſhew my gratitude in what I may,

I beg you would receive *Iſmena* from me.

Alb. Whoſe this?

Ant. *Iſmena*, whom I promis'd thee.

Alb. It is *Clarina*; do you mock my pain? [*shows* Iſm.

Ant. By Heaven not I; this is *Clarina*, Sir.

Alb. That thy wife *Clarina*!

A beauty which till now I never ſaw.

Ant. Sure thou art mad, didſt thou not give her me but now?

And haſt not entertain'd her all this night.

Alb. Her habit and her vizard did deceive me;

I took her for this Lady,—oh bleſt miſtake!

Iſm. I ſee you're in the dark, but I'le unfold the riddle;

—Sir, in the paſſage from the Monaſtery,

Attended only by my Confeſſor,

A Gentleman, a Paſſenger, in the ſame Boat,

Addreſt himſelf to me;

And made a many little Courtſhips to me:

I being veil'd, he knew not who receiv'd them,

Nor what confuſion they begot in me;

At the firſt ſight, I grew to great eſteems of him,

But when I heard him ſpeak—

I'me not aſham'd to ſay he was my Conquerour;

Alb. Oh Madam was it you?

Who by your converſation in that Voyage,

Gave me diſquiets,

Which nothing but your eyes could reconcile again.

Iſm. 'Twas I whom you deceiv'd with ſome ſuch language;

—After my coming home, I grew more melancholy,

And by my ſilence did increaſe my pain;

And ſoon *Clarina* found I was a Lover,

Which I confeſt at laſt, and nam'd the object;

She told me of your friendſhip with *Antonio*,

And gave me hopes that I again ſhould ſee you:

—But *Iſabella* over-heard the Plot,

Which, Sir, *Antonio* did contrive with you,

To make a feigned Courtſhip to *Clarina*,

And told us all the ſtory.

Alb. Oh how I'me raviſht with my happineſs!

Iſm.

Iſm. Clarina, Sir, at firſt was much inrag'd,
And vow'd ſhe would revenge her on *Antonio*;
But I beſought her to be pleas'd again,
And ſaid I would contrive a Counter-Plot,
Should ſatisfie her honour and revenge;
Thus, Sir, I got a garment like to hers,
And to be Courted, though but in jeſt, by you,
I run all hazards of my Brothers anger,
And your opinion of my lightneſs too.

Clar. 'Twas a temptation, Sir, I would not venture on,
Leaſt from the reaſons of a juſt revenge,
And ſo much beauty as *Alberto* own'd
My vertue ſhould not well ſecure your intereſt.

Ant. But why *Iſmena* was that killing Plot,
When I was hid behind the Arras, for now I confeſs all.

Iſm. To make *Alberto* confident of my Love,
And try his Friendſhip to the utmoſt point;
—*Antonio* too I found had ſome reſerves,
Which I believ'd his Amity to you.

Alb. Yes, Madam, whilſt I took you for his Wife,
I thought it crime enough but to adore you;
But now I may with honour own my paſſion;
I will, *Iſmena*, confidently aſſure you,
That I will dye, unleſs you pity me.

Iſm. She that durſt tell you, Sir, how much ſhe lov'd,
When you believ'd it was a ſin to do ſo;
Will now make good that promiſe with *Antonio*'s, leave.

Ant. With perfect joy, *Iſmena*, I reſign thee.

[Antonio *gives him* Iſmena.

Alb. By double tyes you now unite our Souls: [*To* Ant.
Though I can hardly credit what I ſee,
The happineſs ſo newly is arriv'd.

Enter Prince, Lor. *and* Guil. *who comes up ſcraping to* Cloris.

Fred. My Father is the kindeſt man on earth,
And *Cloris* ſhall be welcom to his boſom;
Who'le make him happy in my reformation:
—Here *Curtius*, take *Laura*, who I find,
Had rather be my Siſter then my Miſtreſs;

The

The Duke commands it ſo.

Curt. Till you have pardon'd me my late offences,
I muſt deny my ſelf ſo great a happineſs. [Curt. *Kneels.*

Fred. Riſe, you have it.

Enter Salvator.

Salv. Is here not a Runagado belongs to me?

Lau. No, Sir, my faith's entire,
And *Curtius* has the keeping of it.

Salv. Who made him Maſter of it, hau?

Lau. Heaven, my Inclinations, and the Prince.

Lalv. Three powerful oppoſers;
Take her, ſince it muſt be ſo;
And may'ſt thou be happy with her.

Fred. *Alberto*, would this Court afforded
A Lady worthy thee.

Alb. Sir, I'me already ſped, I humbly thank you.

Lor. Sped, quoth ye, Heaven defend
Me from ſuch fortune.

Fred. *Lorenzo*, I had forgot thee; thou ſhalt e'ne marry too.

Lor. You may command me any thing but Marrying.

Iſab. What think you then of a ſmooth-fac'd Boy?

Lor. A Pox on him, ſure he will not tell now, will he?

Iſab. My Lord, I beg your leave to challenge *Lorenzo*.

Fred. What to a Duel Phillibert?

Lor. *Phill. Phill.* hold, do not ruine the reputation
Of a man that has aquir'd fame amongſt the Femal ſex;
I proteſt I did but jeſt.

Iſab. But, Sir, I'me in earneſt with you.

Fred. This is not Phillibert.

Iſab. No, Sir, but *Iſabella*—that was *Phillibert*. [*Pointing to* Clor.

Clor. Yes, Sir, I was the happy boy to be belov'd,
When *Cloris* was forgotten.

Fred. Oh how you raiſe my love and ſhame;
But why did *Iſabella* change her habit?

Clo. Only to take my place, leaſt you ſhould miſs me,
Who being with *Laura*, at the lodgings of *Clarina*;
And comparing the words of her Letter,
With what the Bravo's had confeſt to *Antonio*,

We found the Plot which was laid for you,
And joyn'd all to prevent it.

Fred. 'Twas ſure the work of Heaven.

Iſab. And now, Sir, I come to claim a husband here.

Fred. Name him, and take him.

Iſab. Lorenzo, Sir.

Lor. Of all cheats, commend me to a waiting-Gentlewoman; I her Husband!

Ant. I am a witneſs to that truth.

Fred. 'Tis plain againſt you, come you muſt be honeſt.

Lor. Will you compel me to't againſt my will?
Oh tyranny, conſider I am a man of quality and fortune.

Iſab. As for my qualities, you know I have ſufficient,
And fortune, thanks to your bounty, conſiderable too.

Fred. No matter, he has enough for both.

Lor. Nay, Sir, an you be againſt me,
'Tis time to reform in my own defence;
But 'tis a thing I never conſider'd, or thought on.

Fred. Marry firſt, and conſider afterwards.

Lor. That's the uſual way I confeſs;
Come *Iſabella*, ſince the Prince commands it;
I do not love thee, but yet I'le not forſwear it;
Since a greater miracle then that is wrought;
And that's my Marrying thee:
Well, 'tis well thou art none of the moſt beautiful,
I ſhould ſwear the Prince had ſome deſigns on thee elſe.

Clor. Yes *Guilliam*, ſince thou haſt been ſo faithful, [Clor. *ſpeaks*
I dare aſſure thee *Lucia* ſhall be thine. [*Guil. Bows.*] [*aſide to* Guil.

Fred. Come my fair *Cloris*, and inveſt thy ſelf
In all the Glories, which I lately promis'd:
—And Ladies, you'l attend her to the Court,
And ſhare the welcoms which the Duke provides her;
Where all the ſallies of my flattering youth,
Shall be no more remembr'd, but as paſt;
Since 'tis a race that muſt by Man be run,
I'me happy in my youth it was begun;
It ſerves my future Manhood to improve,
Which ſhall be ſacrific'd to War and Love.

Curtain Falls.

Epilogue *ſpoken by* Cloris.

Ladies the Prince was kind at laſt,
But all the danger is not paſs'd;
I cannot happy be till you approve,
My haſty condeſcention to his Love.
'Twas want of Art, not Vertue was my Crime,
And that's, I vow, the Authors fault, not mine:
She might have made the Women pitileſs,
But that had harder been to me than this:
She might have made our Lovers conſtant too,
A work which Heaven it ſelf can ſcarcely do;
But ſimple Nature never taught the way,
To hide thoſe paſſions which ſhe muſt obey.
Humble Cottages and Cells,
Where Innocence and Virtue dwells;
Then Courts no more ſecure can be,
From Love and dangerous flattery.
Love in rural triumph reigns,
As much a God amongſt the Swains,
As if the Sacrifices paid,
Were wounded hearts by Monarchs made;
And this might well excuſe m' offence,
If it be ſo to Love a Prince.
But Ladies, 'tis your hands alone,
And not his power can raiſe me to a Throne;
Without that aid I cannot reign,
But will return back to my flocks again.

Guilliam *advances.*

Guill. *How go from Court! nay zay not zo,*
Hear me but ſpeak before you go:
Whoy zay the Leadies ſhould refuſe ye,
The Bleads I'me ſure would better uſe ye—
So long as ye are kind and young,
I know they'l clap ye right or wrong.

FINIS.